

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

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VOL. 50—No. 4.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1872.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—FOURTEENTH SATURDAY CONCERT.—Madame Bentham-Fernandez, Mr. Bentham. Solo Pianoforte, Mr. Dannreuther; solo horn, Mr. Wendland. Symphony G minor (Mozart); Pianoforte Concerto in E flat (Liszt); and Notturmo, horn and orchestra (Reinecke)—both first time at these concerts. Overtures—"Idomeneo" (Mozart); "Leonora," No. 3 (Beethoven). Conductor—Mr. MAXES. Admission, Half-a-Crown; or by Guinea Season Ticket. Transferable Serial Stalls, for the 13 Concerts, One Guinea. Single Stalls Half-a-crown.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, St. James's Hall. At the Fourth Concert, on WEDNESDAY next, the following artists will appear:—Madame Sherrington, Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Dalton, and Miss Enriques; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Maybrick. Pianoforte, Miss Linda Scatter. Conductors—Mr. J. L. HAYDO and Mr. SIDNEY NAYLON. Tickets, 6s., 3s., 2s., 1s., to be had at the usual places; and of Austin, St. James's Hall; and Boosey and Co., Holles Street.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, W.—President, Sir JULIUS BENEDICT; Director, Herr SCHUBERT. SIXTH SEASON, 1872. The Concerts of the Society, this Season, will take place on Thursdays 29th February, April 4th, May 9th, and June 13th. The Concerts of the Schubert Society afford an excellent opportunity for young rising artists to make their appearance in public. Prospectus and full particulars on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec.

TO CHORAL SOCIETIES, CHOIRMASTERS, &c.

ENTIRE STOCK of Printed Music, together with the Music Plates and Copyrights attaching to the same, including (the most complete and perfect editions extant of HANDEL'S ORATORIOS (known as the celebrated Exeter Hall editions); a large collection of Anthems and Cathedral Music, Cantatas, &c., by Sir George J. Elvey, of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, Windsor; Arnold, Aldrich, Boyce, Rathahill, Blow, Croft, Greene, Gauntlett, Hopkins, Kent, Purcell, Spohr, Webbe, and his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort; Wesley's "In Exultation" and "Exultate Deo;" the London Psalmist; and many important works, including entire Sets of Vocal, String, and Wind Parts for complete Orchestras, which will be arranged in lots to suit the convenience of Choral Societies, Choirs, &c.

Mr. ROBINS is favoured with instructions from the Executors of Mr. Joseph Surman, deceased, to Sell by Auction, at the Room, 21, Old Bond Street, London, on Wednesday, 21st of February, and following day, the whole of the above important Works. Catalogues are in course of preparation, and may be obtained at No. 9, Exeter Hall; of Messrs. Tiptots & Son, solicitors, 5, Great St. Thomas Apostle, E.C.; or will be forwarded, post free, for One Stamp, on application to Mr. Robins (late Mr. George Robins), 6, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S.W. (Established in the Piazza, Covent Garden, 1870.)

MISS ELLEN HORNE begs to announce her Removal to 13, Torrington Avenue, N.W., where all engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., should be addressed.

MR. ARTHUR BYRON begs to announce that he is in town for the Season. All applications for Oratorios, Concerts, &c., to be addressed to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street.

MR. JACQUES BLUMENTHAL begs to announce his return to town.—15, Hyde Park Gate, Kensington Gore.

MR. WHITNEY, (the American Bass), begs to announce that, having recovered from his recent severe illness, he is now ready to accept Engagements to sing in Oratorios or Concerts. Letters to be addressed to his Residence, 6, Abbey Terrace, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

MR. W. H. CUMMINGS will Return from America early in February. Applications for Concert and other Engagements should be addressed to his Residence, Brackley Villas, Dulwich, London.

ORATORY CHOIR.—Wanted, a SOLO BASS SINGER and SOLO TREBLES (Boys). Apply at the Oratory, Brompton, S.W., on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, between four and five o'clock.

MR. WILBYE COOPER begs to inform his Friends and the Public that he has returned to Town. Letters respecting Oratorios, Concerts, &c., address, 20, Charing Cross, S.W.

ASSISTANT WANTED.

WANTED, AN ASSISTANT, in a Music Establishment. One thoroughly acquainted with the Trade. Good Address, and Satisfactory References required. Apply to R. Potts & Co., 167, North Street, Brighton.

MR. T. WINGHAM (Royal Academy of Music). For Piano Lessons, &c. Address—74, Ledbury Road, Bayswater. He would be happy to arrange with a First Class School.

MADAME PATEY AND MR. PATEY beg to announce that they will return to England early in February, and can accept engagements after the 7th of that month. All applications to be made to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W.

MDLLE. CARLOTTA PATTI

MDLLE. CARLOTTA PATTI will shortly arrive in London, and would accept Engagements for a limited number of Public and Private Concerts. Applications to be made to Mr. Maurice Strakosch, 106, Boulevard Haussmann, Paris.

MDME. CAMILLA URSO has the honour to announce that she will arrive in London for the season early in March. All letters to be addressed to Mdme. C. Urso, care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

"THE MARINER."

SIGNOR FOLI will sing LOUIS DIEHL'S New and Popular Song, "THE MARINER," during his tour with Mr. Mapleson's Concert Party: at Manchester, Jan. 27th; Cardiff, 29th; Cheltenham, 30th; Bath, 31st; Exeter, Feb. 1st; Plymouth, 2nd; Torquay, 3rd; Taunton, 5th; Bristol, 6th; Oxford, 7th; Cambridge, 8th; Norwich, 9th; Ipswich, 10th; Leicester, 12th.

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Choral and other Societies performing this Part-Song, can be supplied with Copies of the Words gratis for distribution among the audience, on application to the Publishers.

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"GO, LOVELY ROSE," at WEEKES'.

"MARY, BEREFT OF THEE," at DAVISON'S.

"LEGEND OF THE AVON," Old English Ditty, arranged with Chorus, for Ladies, at LAMBORN COOK & CO.'S.

Also, by GERTRUDE HOLMAN ANDREWS,

"ANGELS," published at DUFF & STEWART'S.

Just Published,

"I LOVE, I LOVE THEE,"

SONG,

Composed by JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT,

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published.

DEUX TRANSCRIPTIONS

POUR LE PIANO-FORTE.

No. 1. "MA LA SOLA" Beatrice di Tenda 3 0

2. "CINTA DA FIORI" I Puritani 3 0

Composées par FRANZ ROSENFELD.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

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"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," in Mrs. John Macfarren's Concerts, at Islington, February 5th; and Newport (Isle of Wight), Feb. 22nd.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," on February 5th, at the Bow and Bromley Institute.

MISS ROSE HARRISON (Soprano).—All communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., to be addressed to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W.

MADAME LAURA BAXTER begs to request that all communications respecting concerts, &c., may be addressed to her, at her residence, 19, Fulham Place, Maida Hill West, W.

MISS EDITH WYNNE will return from America early in February. Applications for concert, and other engagements, should be addressed to her residence, 18, Bentinck Street, Manchester Square, W.

GENERAL MUSICAL AGENCY.

MR. E. CUNINGHAM BOOSEY begs to announce that he is prepared to undertake engagements, for the most eminent Artists, English and Foreign; to arrange provincial tours, and to manage concerts, fetes, &c., both in London and the country. Among other important matters already entrusted to Mr. Boosey, are the engagements for the London Ballad Concerts, and the arrangement connected with the performances of M. Offenbach's operas.—London: 6 Argyll Place, Regent Street. An Estimate of the expense of a Concert party, large or small, will be sent by return of post on application.

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SONATA FOR PIANOFORTE SOLO.

Adagio maestoso, Allegro con brio, Romanza, Intermezzo, Scherzo and Trio, Rondo brillante. Composed and Dedicated by permission to

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD,

By **BERNARD FAREBROTHER.**

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"GIDEON."

AN ORATORIO,

The Words selected by the Rev. F. T. CUSINS,

The Music composed by **W. G. CUSINS,**

Performed at the GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL, September 7, 1871.

Octavo, paper covers, 4s. nett; cloth boards, 6s. nett.

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"THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING."

Cantata for Female Voices, with Pianoforte Accompaniment,

Composed by **FRANCESCA J. FERRARI.**

Price 3s. Net.

(Separate Vocal parts, 1s. each.)

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THE MUSICAL DIRECTORY, ANNUAL AND ALMANACK FOR 1872, containing Names and Addresses of the Profession and Trade, (town and country); List of Societies; Record of Musical Events, 1871, and other valuable information. In wrappers, post free, 2s. 3d.; cloth, 3s. Rudall, Carte & Co., 20, Charing Cross, S.W.

NOW READY.

THE PROFESSOR'S POCKET BOOK FOR 1872.

Published under the direction of Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.—To Professors of Music, and others, this work is invaluable. Space is allotted to each hour in the day, from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. The dates of the principal musical events of 1872, are given. In roan, 3s.; Russia leather, 6s. 2d. Rudall, Carte & Co., 20, Charing Cross, S.W.

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POUR LE PIANOFORTE.

2s. 6d.

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" 2. "NORMA" 4 0

Composed by **FRANZ ROSENFELD.**

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street W.

SIGNOR FOLI'S NEW AND SUCCESSFUL SONG.

"THE MARINER,"

Sung with distinguished success by SIGNOR FOLI at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, and at the Crystal Palace SATURDAY CONCERTS.

Composed by **LOUIS DIEHL.**

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Where may be obtained "A Message from the Deep," sung by Signor Foli.

"Signor Foli was unanimously encored in Herr Diehl's new and already very popular song, 'The Mariner,' which he gave with remarkable vigour and expression."—*The Times*.

"We must not omit to mention a song entitled 'The Mariner,' which is an excellent composition, by Louis Diehl. It was well executed by Signor Foli, and was encored as much for the beauty of the composition, as the excellence of the singing."—*The Observer*.

"Signor Foli obtained an encore for a capital song, 'The Mariner,' by Herr Louis Diehl."—*The Graphic*.

"Signor Foli sang Herr Diehl's new song, 'The Mariner,' (at the Philharmonic Concert, Liverpool). It is an excellent and spirited piece of music, and was encored."—*Liverpool Courier*.

"Signor Foli has proved himself worthy of the title of best of bass singers known in this country. In every piece he sang he was at once the man of superb natural gift and admirable power of interpretation; but it was in the very genuine song of 'The Mariner'—a class of music and sentiment peculiarly well suited to his powers—that his rich, deep, strong basso and hearty delivery told with most success. It was very heartily applauded and encored."—*Cork Examiner*.

"ENGLAND'S STAR, ALL HAIL!"

NEW NATIONAL SONG.

TO H.R.H. EDWARD ALBERT, PRINCE OF WALES.

Words and Music composed by **MADAME WEISS.**

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"DAYS OF CHILDHOOD."

SONG.

The Words and Music by **FREDERICK PENNA.**

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**BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,
PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS
LYON & HALL,
WARWICK MANSION.**

CUPID'S DIARY.

AN ORIGINAL COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

BY AUG. MAYHEW.

(Continued from page 36.)

ACT II.

A handsomely furnished drawing-room in the residence of Lady Rose Waters. Elegant furniture. Sofa, lounges, chairs, table with inkstand and writing-folio. Fire-place, with fire burning. At back, folding doors. Doors R and L.

Enter Newton and Lady Rose, R.

Alfred (aside to Sir Baker). My dear friend, you must go! I have business to talk over with my cousin!

Sir B. Have you, Sir! My business with your cousin I consider of more importance than your lawyer's chatter!

Alfred. As you please!—only, her fortune depends upon my lawyer's chatter, and either she is a rich widow, or not worth a penny!

Sir B. My nerves vibrate like harp strings! Is this a stupid joke, Sir, or a fearful truth! You are serious! I go!

[*Exit rapidly.*]

Lady Rose is seated. Newton advances to her.

Alfred (seriously). Then it is decided. Captain Evelyn is to be the lord and master?

Lady R. If you talked for a twelvemonth, you would not shake my determination.

Alfred. He is a bad, selfish man, who will tire of your face in a month, and spend your fortune in a year!

Lady R. I entertain a better opinion of him, and I am not disposed to alter it!

Alfred. It is, I conclude, useless for me to interfere?

Lady R. Perfectly! I should regret the parting from him now, more than if his cruelty should drive me from him hereafter.

Alfred (giving Lady R. a letter). A short time since I received this letter—read it

Lady R. I would rather not. (*He insists. She takes letter and reads.*) Do you really think I am to be frightened by this childish nonsense? (*Reading from letter.*) In the event of my marrying again, the estates and income revert to you! (*Scornfully.*) You must take me for a bread-and-butter school-girl!

Alfred. Your own solicitors are answerable for the childish nonsense.

Lady R. (after examining the letter closely). You knew of this, Mr. Newton, and yet kept the secret from me!

Alfred. I received that letter (*looks at his watch*) nearly one hour since—and you are already acquainted with its contents. Had you attended the appointment your lawyers fixed for yesterday, you would have been earlier warned!

Lady R. (scornfully). I am no half-witted simpleton, Sir, to be thus tricked and frightened. I heard the will read, and it imposed no restrictions on my future conduct.

Alfred. Your late husband left—so I am told—a secret codicil to the will you heard read—a codicil that was only to be opened in the event of your relapsing into matrimony!

Lady R. (with restrained rage). Your course is clear, Sir—take the money and enjoy it; for I shall most certainly marry Captain Evelyn.

Alfred. (coldly). Certain creditors of the gallant captain were so elated at the prospect of his debts being paid (*pointedly*) by you, that they bragged of their luck, and so the secret escaped them.

Lady R. Poor fellow! I knew he was in debt—how could he help it, with his high spirit!

Alfred (with sudden warmth). Dear Rose, I love you very tenderly. Yes! so thoroughly, I will forget myself and think only of you. I renounce this reversion! You are free to marry whom you please!

Lady R. Are you serious?

Alfred. Very serious! But mark me! You shall go to this man, so well protected by settlements, that no harm can befall you. Should he weary of you, at least, he will be constant to your fortune.

Lady R. I have no fear of his proving traitor!

Alfred (quickly). Dare you test him?

Lady R. Yes! a thousand times, yes!

Alfred. May I play off a stratagem I have planned? This is all I ask in return for the fortune I restore.

Lady R. (annoyed). A stratagem, a plot, a trap!

Alfred. Retire to your room, listen, and be silent until I desire your presence! (*Unwillingly she obeys.*)

[*Exit Lady Rose, R.*]

Alfred. Now I am made or lost! What if this weathercock captain should shift and suddenly point to virtue? No! No! He has grown rusty and fixed in his vice! (*Goes to door at back and calls out.*) This way Mr. Braham, and bring your friends with you

Enter Braham, Moss, and Sloman.

Braham. Upon my word, Mr. Newton, we are much obliged to you for betraying the Captain into our hands—quite the gentleman!

Moss. That Captain is such a dodger! As for catching him in the regular way, you might as well bob for fish in a horse-trough.

Alfred. You have got him safely enough now, and can amuse yourselves by bullying him. I leave you!

[*Exit Alfred Newton.*]

Sloman. For a lawyer, he has a very pleasant manner!

Enter Captain Evelyn.

Captain E. (aghast). How the devil did you get in! (*Aside.*) These wretches stare me in the face like ruin.

Moss. You see, Captain, our like is regular tired of calling every half-hour, and the street door always opened with the chain up!

Captain E. (aside). I must roughride these rogues! (*Boldly; aloud.*) Be seated, gentlemen! This house is not as yet (*smiles*) exactly mine, but, I think, I may do in it pretty well as I like. (*They seat themselves.*) You all look tired and jaded—no doubt with a heavy day's hunting after me. Perhaps a glass of sherry would prove acceptable! We have some very fine, old, dry wine, and you must do me the honour of drinking to the health of Lady Waters. (*They smile and nod to each other whilst the Captain pulls the bell.*) Are all your grandchildren in health, Mr. Sloman—dear pets, they'll make noble sheriff's officers!

Enter Foster. She looks sulky and stares at the Creditors.

Foster. I suppose you want bill-stamps?

Captain E. (aside). What's the matter with the toad? (*To Foster, aside.*) Come here. (*She comes forward.*) Why do you scowl at me?—because I am to give you two hundred pounds? (*Throughout this scene the Jews watch and enjoy the quarrel.*)

Foster. (aside, to him). It is lucky I wasn't born in Italy, isn't it? (*Advances upon him viciously.*)

Captain E. (retreating—mildly). I care not where you were born, good Foster—yet I bless the cherished spot!

Foster. (again advancing). Or, I should have sold poisons, but, as it is, I have turned lady's maid!

Captain E. (retreating). A most amiable and accomplished lady's maid!

But what do you mean?

Foster. (exploding). I have seen that Diary!

Captain E. (in agonies; aside). That accursed Diary again! It pursues, and worries me even unto Foster! I'll end this! (*Aloud.*) Listen, woman! (*Advances upon her, she retreats.*) Obey me, as in the olden time, before you filched my secrets, or to-night you shall sleep in a fourpenny shake-down at a fusty coffee shop!

Foster. (retreating). I would defy you, traitor, if I didn't think we could come to terms.

Moss. (to Braham—aside). That's the worst of courting the servant gals—they get so jealous of the missus, he! he!

Captain E. (advancing on Foster). Obey me, help me, and I am not the man to count whether I give you two or three hundreds! Mutiny, and you shall be hunted out of the house like a strange cat!

Foster. (abashed). What must I do to save my board and lodging?

Captain E. (commandingly). Bring me a decanter of sherry, having first doctored it with a tumbler of cognac.

Foster. Absurd man! It won't hurt them (*points to Jews*). You might as well try to poison rats with strong cheese!

Sloman. Business before pleasure, Captain—settlements before drinking. I'm no hand at figures when I've had a drop!

Moss. I consider you've humbugged me, Cap'n, most complete! This here lady is the fourth young woman, rolling in wealth, as you could marry whenever you liked. Well, I renew and renew, and now time's up again! It ain't fair!

Enter Foster with decanter of wine, glasses, &c.

Foster. You'll like this wine, gentlemen—one hundred years old. Mr. Sloman, nearly your age! Every drop of it worth a guinea. Mr. Braham—make you fancy your stomach is a money-box. (*She talks as she places wine, &c., on table, and addresses each Jew as she puts a clean glass before him.*)

Braham (whilst Captain pours out wine—to Foster). The wine will speak for itself, my dear, and I prefer its talk to yours. [*Exit Foster.*]

Moss. (eyeing wine). This is the sort of stuff for coaxing easy terms!

Sloman (smelling wine). Before I venture on a second bottle, I must upset the inkstand. (*They drink.*)

Captain E. Now, gentlemen, to business. You are impatient and doubt my promises—you look upon me as a swindler!

Moss. O, Captain! I always considered you an ornament to the discount market!

Captain E. When I told you of my future wife's fortune, you thought it a hoax

Braham. Owing as much as you did, I naturally expected you would not be over-nice at inventing.

Captain E. Come, speak out like brave men! Confess you doubted me.

Alf. Oh! oh! oh! (*Look at each other and seemed pained*).

Captain E. (vehemently). Then, you were right gentlemen! I have a soul that is above purloining petty cash! Fill your glasses. I'll give you a toast! (*They fill*). To the health of my promised bride! (*They stand up*).

Moss. Promised! It's all arranged then!

Captain E. This very day she blushed her consent!

Sloman. Poor dear! And is the property settled on her?

Captain E. Not one half-penny! Her chaste heart would revolt at a settlement! What is hers, is mine.

Braham. Yes! Is yours!

Captain E. Come, gentlemen, are you charged? In poetic silence, if you please! To the health of Lady Evelyn!

Enter Alfred Newton as the Jews rise and flourish their glasses in silence.

Alfred. Stop! I, too, must join in that toast. Give me a glass. (*Takes one, and fills it*). I wish you every joy, Captain! (*They all drink except the Captain*).

Captain E. (savagely). It is a good wish, Mr. Newton, but it is spoiled by the spiteful glitter in your eye!

Alfred (raising his glass again). A second health to Lady Evelyn. (*Putting down glass*). My dear cousin, Rose! It shall be my especial care that she never comes to want!

Captain E. (sneering). Her income, Sir, will, I think, relieve you from this generous anxiety.

Alfred. I shall allow her at least three hundreds a year!

Captain E. Then you, I presume, intend to starve!

Alfred. Love, gentlemen, sterling loves does not calculate and plot! It spurns the splendid pleasures of the world, and gains its own reward in virtue and purity! Is it not so, Mr. Moss?

Moss. Among the lower classes, but their marriage settlements is generally on the parish.

Alfred. I ask you, Mr. Sloman, is not the sacrifice of self the grandest duty of life?

Sloman. I don't mind it in others, but, you see, I've a large family!

Captain E. (unable to restrain himself). Newton! you have some devil's meaning in this—some infernal plot. How dare you congratulate me! Hypocrite, be candid, and speak your hatred!

Alfred. Hatred! My sincerest gratitude! Do you not know that, by the will of Lady Rose's deceased husband, in the event of her again marrying, her fortune reverts to me?

Captain E. (fiercely). It is a lie, devil!

Alfred (sternly). It is truth—honest man! (*Hands lawyer's letter*).

Moss. Here's a go! No larks, please! (*Helps himself to wine*).

Braham (to Evelyn). If you think to fool me, Captain, you're gone silly! I have an officer outside, and to-night you sleep behind iron bars.

Captain E. (to Newton). If my curses could strike you dead, you should soon be an undertaker's job! Be quiet, Braham! Don't you see I am half mad! Ass! Idiot that I am! I refused one with thirty thousands for this imposture of a cousin of yours! Over and over again I might have stretched out my hand and picked up a ten thousand woman. But I aimed at this big venture and behold my defeat! Damn her! Abraham, come with me, the thirty-thousand-pounder may yet be in the humour. (*To Newton*). I'll be back soon, Sir, either to strike you across the face, or to laugh in it! (*Rushes off, followed by the Jews*).

[*Exeunt Captain, Braham, Moss, and Sloman.*]

Enter Lady Rose, greatly agitated, &c.

Lady R. He says he will return! He must never enter this house again!

O, Alfred! thanks for having nearly broken my heart.

Alfred (gaily). It deserved to be broken, for its bad behaviour!

Lady R. Foolish, empty woman, whom that shallow talker could entrance with his drawing-room phrases!

Alfred. The folly is beginning to leak out of the broken heart!

Lady R. He made me his stock-exchange, his share list, his gambling-table! He was actually pawning me to those Jews! Yet I thought I loved him.

Alfred. You must not say that, dear Rose!

Lady R. Give me time, do not be impatient! It is so hard to learn wisdom!

Alfred. Dearest Rose, and what have I not endured? Jealousy of all who smirked their weak trash to fascinate the rich victim; terror, when they were smiled upon; rage, that I dared not interfere to save you from ruin and sorrow.

Lady R. (giving her hand). My true, my noble hearted Alfred!

Alfred (clasping her to him). Darling Rose!

Enter Sir Baker Taytor.

Sir B. (aside). What do I behold! Newton and the future Lady Taytor in the closest act of adoration! That's the worst of cousins—you never know whether it is the freedom of relationship, or an outburst of matrimony. (*Aloud*). Lady Rose, I'm sorry to disturb you.

Lady R. (in Newton's arms—aside). That bothering old thing!

Alfred (without changing his position). Be seated, Sir Baker, Lady Rose will be shortly disengaged. (*Fondles Lady Rose*).

Sir B. (enraged). He smirks and grins, and she seems to like it.

Alfred (still holding Lady R.) This is most pressing business, Sir Baker. Lady Rose has placed herself in my hands.

Sir B. (enraged). It's confounded nonsense to call this a legal consultation.

Alfred (holding Lady Rose's hand). Let me conduct you to the library. (*To Sir B.*) This is purely professional. (*Aside*). I'll send Foster to him.

[*Exeunt Lady Rose and Alfred fondling.*]

Sir B. Purely professional! Hang him, its love-making, and the strongest that's made! This barrister Cupid comes warm from his temple. Its special pleading and chamber practice, with kisses for fees and refreshers.

Enter Foster.

Foster. O Sir Baker! what shabby monsters dead husbands are—the tyrants wont even die without leaving a last will behind them! (*Whispers in his ear*. Sir Baker's countenance changes frequently as he listens).

Sir B. The farms go to Newton! This is too horrible to be true.

Foster. So Mr. Sloman told me, and he was crying like a child! She isn't worth a penny piece.

Sir B. Now I can understand why she was clinging to him!

Foster. And she so fond of you, she was actually willing to take you for life.

Sir B. (aside). This is a trick—a dodge. I'll thwart 'em. (*Aloud*.) No matter, Foster—rich or poor, I claim your angelic mistress. After all, Foster, what is money?

Foster. It's so long since you gave me any that I almost forget.

Sir B. Were she wealthy I would have added to her luxuries; as she is destitute I will comfort her from my ample resources!

Foster. O lud! Here's a stone yielding blood! The end of the world must be near! I'll repent and turn pew-opener. (*Runs off*).

Enter Alfred and Lady Rose, with their arms round each other's waists.

Sir B. (gallantly). Dearest and most beautiful lady, I have heard the fearful news, but my love remains unaltered.

(*Lady Rose does not seem to hear him, but gazes fondly at Alfred, as they pace the stage. Sir Baker is astounded.*)

Alfred (to Lady R.) Yes, dearest, I will meet you to-morrow in Kensington Gardens, under the elms. (*As though to himself*). Curious! Lucretia, the second Lady Taytor, preferred a lime-tree avenue—by moonlight; the third Lady Baker inclines to elms—by daylight. Funny!

Sir B. Even an ancient forester could not stand so many meetings under the confounded trees. (*With rage*). Halt! Stand still, you two! They stop and stare at Sir Baker). Madam! You have't as much land left as would nourish a wall flower, and yet you dare to trifle with me, all freehold, arable and pasture, and in a ring fence. Faithless one, I renounce thee?

Lady R. You're a strange man, Sir Baker, but I'm much obliged to you for not liking me.

Sir B. Before I go, Mr. Newton, I claim that Diary.

Lady R. (to Sir B.) May I enjoy the pleasure of burning it?

Sir B. (solemnly). That enjoyment must be mine—for reasons. (*Takes the book from Alfred and casts it on the fire, which blazes up.*)

Lady R. (gazing on the fire). Wicked little book! It writes and curls as though the forsaken beauties were appealing to us for mercy!

Sir B. Those sparks, running about the tinkling mass are the spirits of the lovely ones driven from their resting place. (*Fire ceases*) It's all over!

Alfred. No! Not yet! See, dearest Rose,—(*points to fire-place*)—here come the parson and his clerk!

CURTAIN.

END OF CUPID'S DIARY.

HAMBURG.—The next novelty at the Stadttheater will be a grand five-act opera, with ballet, entitled *Cantarini*. The libretto is by Herr M. C. Lindau, and the music by Mr. Henry Hugh Pierson, who has resided for some years in Stuttgart.

LEIPSIC.—At the twelfth Gewandhaus Concert, Herr Leopold Auer played Spohr's Ninth Violin Concerto, and pieces by Paganini, Bachrich, and himself. He was warmly applauded. Mdlle. Hanisch, from Dresden, sang a cavatina from Rossini's *Semiramide*, and songs by Schubert and Bach, without creating any particular sensation. The orchestral pieces were symphony D minor, Schumann; overture to *Anacreon*, Cherubini; and overture to *Richard III*, Volkmann; the last was new here.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation rendered it a general favourite.—The *Cited Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers Epps's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

THE GASSIERS.

(From the "New York Evening Post.")

Cuba has proved a place of fatal omen to some of our favourite singers. There it was the fever snatched away Virginia Lorini, the accomplished *prima donna*, whose facility of vocalization has been excelled by no other American soprano; and Amodio, the baritone, whose unrivalled richness of voice is still vividly remembered by our opera-goers. We yesterday recorded, also, the death by fever, in Havana, of Gassier, another baritone of rare merit and great popularity.

The Gassiers, man and wife, sang in this city a dozen years ago. M. Gassier's chief successes were as "William Tell" and as "Don Giovanni," and in the latter part he exhibited a vivacity and spirit which made him without a rival in the character. Certainly no singer has ever given here such a superb and dashing portraiture of the dissolute hero of Mozart's great opera. In *William Tell*, Gassier always made a great effect in the aria (with violoncello accompaniment) which "Tell" sings to his son before shooting the apple from his head. In *Ernani*, the *Travatore*, the *Sonnambula*, and other standard operas, he was also deservedly admired. Of late years he has been singing in London, but went with the *Tamberlik troupe* to Havana, where he died and was buried—Tamberlik himself making the customary funeral oration at his grave.

Mdme. Gassier died several years ago. She was a bright, fascinating Spanish woman, with a sweet clear voice, most admirably cultivated. In Italy, as well as in this country she was long a favourite singer, and in parts demanding a call on only the lighter emotions, and admitting of vocal display, she was always most charming. Her "Amina," in the *Sonnambula*, was a delicious performance, and her "Rosina" was equally excellent. By her brilliant execution she gave here a great popularity to the *Venzano Waltz*, which she warbled to perfection.

But singing birds die as surely as they who have no voice. "The daughters of music are brought low," and as the bright, intelligent beings who so largely minister to the innocent pleasure of society pass away, one by one, it is meet to record in a few words our sorrow for their loss. They all leave in our minds the fragrant memory of strains as delicate and tender as the music of the south wind breathing on a bed of violets. The recollection of the sweet singers of the past—of Bosio, of Gristi, of the Gassiers, and their tuneful race, is like the faint strains of a sweet echo dying imperceptibly away. In a very few years their names will be but a mere tradition in the history of song.

VERDI'S NEW OPERA.

M. Reyher, the well-known musical critic who had gone to Egypt expressly in order to be present at the first representation of Verdi's new opera, *Aida*, sends a long account of the new work by the author of the *Travatore* to the *Journal des Débats*. After having been present at three performances, and after a careful study of the score, M. Reyher is of opinion that Verdi's new opera is "a very remarkable and interesting work, certain to be appreciated in France as well as in Italy." Verdi, M. Reyher thinks, has made decided progress—

"Certainly the old Verdi still survives; we find him, in *Aida*, with his exaggerations, his sharp oppositions, his negligencies of style, and his wildness (*emportemens*). But another Verdi, touched with Germanism, also manifests himself, with a clever manner, with a science and tact of which we did not think him capable; with all the artifices of fugue and counterpoint, coupling tones with rare ingenuity, breaking the old forms of melody, even those of his own preference, . . . giving to the accompaniment more interest, often more importance than the melody itself. . . . Those who know the abrupt nature and the undisciplined character of the Italian master will see something more and something better than vague promises for the future in the aspirations and tendencies which *Aida* reveals."

The manner in which the libretto of *Aida* was written is somewhat curious. M. Mariette, the celebrated Egyptologist, first wrote the story in French prose; it was then turned into French verse, by M. Camille du Lode, and finally put into Italian verse by Signor Ghislanzoni. The scene of action is at Memphis and Thebes, at the "time of the power of the Pharaohs"—not a very precise date, as M. Reyher remarks. The curtain rises on the garden of the king's palace at Memphis. The high priest, Ramphis, enters to announce to Radamès, Captain of the Royal Guard, that the Ethiopians are in revolt, and threaten to invade the valley of the Nile. The sacred Isis has been consulted, and has named the warrior who is to repel the foe. Radamès mentally hopes that he may be the leader chosen by the deity to save his country, in order that he may be allowed to wed Aida, the favourite slave of his royal master. He is unaware that Aida is really the daughter of the king of Ethiopia, whom he hopes to help to conquer, and that Amneris, her mistress, is in love with himself. It is soon announced by the King that the choice of the deity has fallen on Radamès, who is solemnly invested with the sacred armour in the temple of Vulcan (*sic*). The solemn scene in the temple, with mystic dances and religious hymns, is said by M. Reyher to be one of the most successful, as well as one of the most

highly coloured, of the whole opera. The second act opens in a saloon in the palace of Princess Amneris. Here Aida, led on by the kindness of her mistress, confesses her love for Radamès. A violent scene of jealousy takes place, which is broken off by the return of Radamès in triumph, after a victory over the father of the unfortunate Aida. This return of Radamès is of course the occasion of a splendid procession, which is closed by a group of Ethiopian prisoners, amid whom is Amonasro, the father of Aida. The king gives his daughter Amneris to Radamès, as a recompense for his success. The next scene shows us Amonasro begging his daughter to steal from her lover the secret of his plans against the Ethiopians, who have again risen in revolt. Aida promises, hoping to be able to fly to her own land with her father and lover. She obtains the secret from Radamès, who is at once surprised and denounced by Amneris. The last scene shows Radamès and Aida in prison, both condemned to die. The curtain falls on their lamentations and hopes of meeting in another world.

M. Reyher can find no words sufficient to express his admiration for the scenery and costume, both of which have been executed under the superintendence of Mariette-Bey, and are consequently of rigorous archaeological exactitude. "The execution is excellent." In short, M. Reyher is in ecstasies; but, as he tells us that he has met with an excellent reception from the Khedive, we may perhaps ascribe some of his enthusiasm to the natural partiality of a musician for a Prince who brings out new operas on such a magnificent scale.

Shaber Silber.

THE PAREPA-ROSA COMPANY AT NEW YORK

(From the "New York Tribune.")

Herr Theodore Wachtel has made a very successful Western tour and has paid us a brief visit in New York, en route for Philadelphia. He sang *The Postilion of Longjumeau* at a Christmas *matinée* at the Grand Opera-house, before an immense and vociferously enthusiastic audience, Miss Caussa, Herr Vierling, and Herr Franosch being his principal supporters. He appears in Philadelphia on Friday, and thence goes to Washington, Baltimore, and some of the principal Western cities, returning to New York for the Parepa-Rosa season of Italian Opera in the spring. We are informed that his share in the profits of his American tour has already reached the sum of 40,000 dollars. His contract with Mr. Carl Rosa has still four or five months to run.

Madame Parepa-Rosa is gradually moving eastward with her English company, and is now in Buffalo, where the Grand Duke attended her Christmas performance of *Martha*. He presented her next day with a magnificent pair of bracelets. On the 8th of January, the *troupe* are to open a three week's engagement in Boston, and on the 5th of February we shall have them again in New York. They will then produce three works in which we have not heard them, *La Gazza Ladra*, which they have recently played in Cincinnati and elsewhere, the *Ballo in Maschera*, and Cherubini's *Les Deux Journées*, under the English title of *The Water Carrier*.

A JINGLE FOR ST. JAMES'S.

(By a Musical Enthusiast.)

The Monday Pops! The Monday Pops!
Whoe'er admires what some call "Ops,"
Should go, and lick his mental chops,
While feasting at the Monday Pope.

The Monday Pops! The Monday Pops!
To me their music far o'er-tops,
The jingling polkas and galops,
On cracked pianos played at hops.

Nor almond rock, nor lemon-drops,
Nor sugar-plums, nor lollipops,
With which small children cram their crops,
Are sweeter than the Monday Pops!

The Monday Pops! The Monday Pops,
Delight of fogies and of fops!
The music that all other wops,
Is given at the Monday Pops.

Their fame all rivals far o'er-tops:
You see their programmes at the shops;
And here the bard, exhausted, stops
His rhymings on the Monday Pops.

Punch.

ITALIAN OPERA IN NEW YORK.

(From the "New York Herald," Jan 4th.)

One of the most remarkable seasons of Italian opera ever known in New York city closed last night. The house was a crowded one, despite the inclemency of the weather, although the amount of "paper" that appeared in the parquette, dress circle and boxes was of alarming dimensions. Yet this is a question—the matter of "paper"—which is only known to the regular habitués of the Academy, who understand the peculiar management of conducting Italian opera at the Academy of Music. The performance last evening consisted of *Lucia*, the same opera with which the season commenced. It was one of Mdle. Nilsson's most delicious rôles, notwithstanding the fact that great artists, such as Bosio, Lagrange, Piccolomini, Patti, Kellogg, and others appeared in this city in the same character. It is a signal triumph for an artist to make a great success in a rôle in which she has had so many distinguished predecessors. Therefore we may say that, as far as Nilsson is concerned, the season closed as successfully as it opened. This morning the entire troupe start from this city for Pittsburg, where they open on Friday with *Lucia*, the same opera that began and ended the season here.

It may be interesting to our readers to give a *resumé* of the past Italian opera season. The first performance was given on Monday, October 23, and Mdle. Nilsson made her New York *début* in opera in *Lucia*. She at once gained the triumph that was expected of her, and became the rage of the city. After that performance it was the fashion to go to the Academy to hear Nilsson. The manager, Mr. Strakosch, made a shrewd arrangement before the opera season opened. He announced a season of twenty nights, and Mdle. Nilsson as the *prima donna*, and a magnificent company to support her. He charged 500 dollars for a box during the season, and the general desire to see Nilsson was so great that the boxes were caught up immediately, and the season opened with very few of these coveted seats to spare. The prices were from five to two dollars—twice as much as ever were known before in this city, and fully equal to what has been charged in London. The season of twenty nights was eminently successful in a financial point of view. Yet to Nilsson alone this success is due. One may think that it is owing to the management. Here an explanation is necessary.

As we conceive it, an Italian opera *impresario* must be possessed of the rare, yet, in this instance, necessary, qualities of a great general, a profound statesman, a thorough musician, and a cunning politician. He must know how to conduct and manage his company, to engage the best talent in America or Europe, to produce an unexceptionable *ensemble*, to attract and then retain the *crème de la crème* of fashion and respectability, and to give satisfaction to the general public. He must be in music what Bismarck is in politics, what Grant is in war—thoroughly acquainted with his business. We regret that in no particular have these conditions been fulfilled.

The close of the season was attended with very peculiar circumstances. Once upon a time Joseph Haydn was kappelmeister to Prince Esterhazy. His Highness wanted to cut down the band, notwithstanding Haydn's remonstrances. Therefore the composer determined to give his princely employer a lesson. He composed the "Abschied" symphony, during the performance of which the members of the orchestra leave, one by one, until the contrabasso alone is left. Even he packs up his unwieldy instrument in its green bag, and the conductor, after looking around in vain for an orchestra, puts his baton in his pocket and leaves.

Here the manager played a capital joke on the New York public, in imitation of his illustrious predecessor, Haydn. The chorus of the opera at the beginning of the season consisted of sixty voices, and the orchestra of fifty instrumentalists. Since the close of the regular season the manager has gone into the "Abschied" business, until last night there were only thirty voices left for the chorus, and thirty players in the orchestra. Well, it was as good a joke on the public as Haydn played at Prince Esterhazy's. Regarding a comparison, in an artistic point of view, between this season and previous ones, and also between it and those of London, we shall speak at a future time. On March 4, the spring season of Italian opera with the same company will begin. Heaven grant that the management will not inflict upon Mdle. Nilsson the terrible responsibility of supporting the entire weight of the season. She has done it so far.

MILAN.—After a repose of thirty-five years, Mercadante's opera, *Il Giuramento* has been revived at the Scala, where it was produced first of all. The principal parts were sustained by Signore Barbara Marchisio and Potentini, Signori Fancelli and d'Antoni. *Il Giuramento* has been followed by Signor Verdi's *Forza del Destino*, with Signore Stolz and Waldman, Signori Fancelli, Pandolfini and Marini.—The rehearsals of *Aida* are still going on. In consequence of the illness of Signor Capponi, the part of Radamès has been given to Signor Fancelli. The management have already engaged another tenor, Signor Perrotti.

ALBERT HALL MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In your able remarks respecting the formation of the new Choral Society at Albert Hall, there is one point which it appears to me has been overlooked, namely: that the number of the inhabitants of the metropolis has not yet been adequately represented by existing choral societies. I am not in the smallest degree undervaluing the immense amount of good and acknowledged usefulness of other associations. The Sacred Harmonic, Barnby's, Leslie's, Martin's, Hullah's; but what are these among so many? Three millions of people! Comparing London with Birmingham, for instance, or with many smaller provincial towns, we shall discover that it is very inadequately represented by her choral societies. Of course, there are numerous thriving suburban societies, the Crystal Palace choir, and several professional and semi-professional associations. Few of them, however, are sufficient to present great choral works. Then there are numerous church choirs, tonic sol-fa meetings, and bands of hope. But all these, without the example and pattern of some more advanced association, can do but little to promote the cultivation of the highest form of art. There is "room enough for all" these, and for something better as well. Then as to an *Englishman* to conduct. Where is the coming man? You would never think of placing a man of upwards of threescore over our "rising generation!" You would never think of putting them into the hands of a "green hand!" Where is the man? If you will please to name him, numerous subordinates would readily give him a hearty support. You would not take those who are now at the head of their respective choirs, and where they have now been already producing and re-producing the *Messiah* and the *Creation* over and over again, for a quarter of a century and upwards, from the positions they so respectably occupy. Let them keep to their old groove. They have adopted the policy of standing still for a generation. Nothing will move them. Of course, they will "have their grumble" when they see others go by them. They have produced new works by their own conductors. Who should dare to expect them to give, or produce, or waste their time, in rehearsing other compositions? Even if there had been the courtesy of mutually performing one another's compositions, the choirs would have been relieved of much of the tedium of the "over and over again" system. But, no. For certain purposes the old routine must be stuck to. New men pooh-poohed; new works ignored. How can they wonder, then, if new people have new ways. The old societies have done good work, and will do more yet; and, perhaps, when M. Gounod has set them the example, they will imitate him and try a little variation on their stereotyped programmes. They have let new people alone; they must not be surprised if new people let them alone. At least, Mr. Editor, I am glad that you are disposed to take a broad view of the case, and manifest an inclination to give fair-play to all. Have we an Englishman who has composed an opera equal to *Faust*; let him step forward. You instance Dr. S. S. Wesley. He resides miles from London. Nor do I think he would be very willing to take up such a task as the one M. Charles Gounod has now before him. Where shall we look? To the English Cathedral school of writing? To our theatres? Academies? Where is there to be found a man who has produced a work of imagination sufficiently extensive and vigorous, to entitle him to precedence over the conductor of the new Choral Society. Trusting, in the interests of justice, you will allow the expression of both sides of opinion in this matter.—I remain, sir, yours very truly,

GEORGE TOLHURST.

28, Waterford Terrace, S.W., January 18th, 1872.

[There will be time enough to discuss these matters. *En attendant*, we have great satisfaction in publishing the letter of Mr. Tolhurst—always, we hope he will understand, a welcome contributor to our pages, whether or not we can endorse the opinions he invariably expresses like an artist and a gentleman.—Ed. M. W.]

THE "NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS."

(To the Editor of "The Musical World.")

DEAR SIR.—I am very much obliged by the encouraging notice of the national music meetings contained in your impression of Saturday week, and by the terms in which you mention my name in connection with the subject; but I am anxious to correct a misapprehension into which you appear to have fallen as to the origin of the project. It was brought to the company by Mr. Willert Beale, and in the invention of it I had no share. The matter is now (like the Handel Festivals) a Crystal Palace measure, in which neither Mr. Beale nor I can claim any individual prominence.—Yours faithfully,

G. GROVE, Secretary and Manager.

Crystal Palace, Jan. 10, 1872.

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

(From the "New York World.")

"*Prima donnas* are called queens, and nearly all of them are tyrants. They belong to a line of despots who have governed the world without law or reason ever since song became a sovereignty. There is a divine right to dispense joy, madden managers, fascinate the public, and receive the homage and the presents of smaller despots. Nobody ever saw an humble *prima donna*, or a meek *prima donna*. "When God has given to a mortal so extraordinary a talent as I possess,"—said Catalani—"people ought to applaud and honour it as a miracle. It is profane to depreciate the gifts of heaven."

The impious criticism of Catalani's time has happily passed away. Even the judges now array themselves in court robes of flattery, and bring only flowers of speech to these queens.

And we rather like their sweet arrogance. We want them to rule us. It is as if mankind, robbed of its saints and heroines, with its goddesses all relegated to fable, and even its Madonnas become a matter of barren *chiaroscuro*, clung to these wandering monarchs with a great deal of its old superstition, and of all its old chivalry.

They may be imperious, exacting, cruel, mercenary, but if they are pretty, graceful, voluptuous, or vivacious, straightway we fall down and worship them.

I suppose Piccolomini carried away more hearts from this country than did Grisi. And Lagrange told me herself that a *prima donna* never lived to an age that would protect her from lovers.

Christine Nilsson is without doubt the ruling queen in the direct line of descent. She is the best praised and the best managed *prima donna* of our time.

[Best praised and best managed are not necessarily equivalent terms.]

With less personal beauty she has more personal magnetism than the Patti; with less voice she out-sings Lind; with an incredibly small *répertoire* she has filled the season with success.

For a queen who comes of a long line of peasants, I think she has more royalty in her mien and manner than any woman I ever saw.

Something of the weird fascination of her person follows her into all her rôles, for she never disguises her face. Whether barefoot in *Mignon*, or languishing elegantly in *The Traviata*, there is the inexplicable charm of her own strong personality.

Even the staid and impervious editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music* succumbed to this royalty, and capered about nimbly in its atmosphere.

You can't fancy how she is besieged at her hotel by wealthy and influential visitors. Ladies and gentlemen who insist on coming in their coaches, and taking up her time with compliments and invitations. Nor what a strife there is among certain families who affect art, to get her to their houses; and what a curious flunkey turn this all takes when they get to Mdle. Nilsson's door at the Clarendon, and that benign but obdurate *duenna*, Mrs. Richardson, almost snubs them.

Yes, think of that, snubs the princes and the dowagers that you and I venerate and take our hats off to.

This kind of portable worship is inconvenient to the goddess. For there are times when even a divinity wishes to retire to the privacy of her thoughts, where there are no bouquets and no adorers.

As a rule, a *prima donna* gets sick of ordinary adorers in the fifth year, as indeed anybody must, for they are men who have a strange notion that public singers eat bouquets and sleep on them, and cannot live without them, and if they had their own way they would make the divinity's life miserable with flowers.

If you should ever pass the Clarendon very early in the morning and see a couple of small boys in the cold with bouquets, waiting for the porter to open it, you may be sure that some fellows with rooms round in Fifteenth street have been awake all night.

Perhaps Mdle. Nilsson's aversion to adorers in general will account for her affability with me.

She seemed to say with gladness in her eyes the first time she saw me, "Ah, welcome, welcome. You are one among ten thousand. You do not love me!"

And I didn't.

So we got along sensibly.

She calls me Neem Crank, which is rather pretty the way she pronounces it.

Bless you, anybody could get along sensibly with her. Why, there is more fuss and dignity and flam about one of those awful women in the dollar store, or the average prude who sells confectionery and deals you out ten cents' worth of caramels—if you are a man—with the chilling rectitude of a martyr.

She puts you at your ease at once. There is something child-like in the freedom and spontaneity of her manner. She looks you straight in the eyes with the steady gaze of innocence and curiosity combined. There is a flicker of pathos in her face. It is always

there, as if it were a heritage and organic. When she laughs she shows a magnificent set of teeth, and the pathos seems so to melt into tenderness. There is none of the Southern voluptuousness in that face. If it were not for the intelligence in it it would be rugged. It is the face of a strong-willed woman of the kind that can suffer self-denial when the time comes, though it kill them.

She speaks English with a slight accent, and shows a curious interest in anything American.

I thought her affection for the country rested in a great measure on the advantages it offered to the poorer classes. That was a novel discovery to make in a *prima donna*, wasn't it?

But you must remember her origin; how many generations of her people have toiled unknown to luxury before the vigour and virtue of the stock took vocal form and opened the way into the world; what traditions of hunger and penury and thankless labour must have come down to her, and must peep like ghosts of memory into her mind when she wears the regal robes of Leonora, or glorifies in the finery of Violetta.

Do you wonder at the pathos born in her face?

She isn't ashamed of her origin. Not she. Didn't I tell you she belonged to the Royal line? Where did Grisi come from? Rubini was a journeyman tailor. Wachtel drove a cab in Homburg. He told me so himself, and many a tenor he took to the opera-house before he got into it himself.

The fact is that these artists all fancy when they come to America that their humble origin gives them a patent of natural nobility with our people.

It takes them some time to find out that we democrats are rather ashamed of it.

But, as I was saying, Nilsson admires the material prosperity of the country. They say she clapped her hands with delight when they told her the wonderful history of Chicago. And when that city disappeared in a night, like the dream that it was, the tears came into her eyes. Everywhere in the West she saw the poorer classes happy and becoming prosperous. She says she sang better for it. Some of her letters to Europe glow with a naive enthusiasm that is charming.

Everything pleases her. She never saw such warm-hearted people. She never saw people make money so fast. She never saw such a grand sight as a prairie. She fell in love with Peoria, and when they gave her the Illinois wine to drink she ordered it for her hotel in New York, and bought a vineyard in Peoria. She said there was more musical culture in the middle classes of our society than among the same classes anywhere in Europe. About her fellow artists she was cautious, reserving her opinions, expressing only a very decided admiration of Miss Kellogg's abilities.

She avoids society, having an actress's aversion to the assumption of showy apparel when off the stage. There are two or three families up town where she visits *en famille*, and there she romps and sings and abandons herself to the freedom of private life with genuine relief.

On the night that she appeared in *The Trovatore*, for the first time, she sent for me to come into her dressing-room and see the new costumes which had been sent over by Worth for the occasion. Those who saw her from the front on that night can have no idea of the magnificence of the woman thus attired in a room. To see her to the best advantage, is to hear her. The stage-lights throw heavy shadows on her face at times, and the most delicate and charming of her facial expressions do not 'carry.' She stood up like another Queen Mary in the room, her tall and graceful figure duplicated by the mirror. The moment we entered she held out her hands and with childish glee strode about the apartment and called attention to the elegance of the dress. Then she suddenly threw her head back and listened, unwittingly falling into an attitude of beautiful suspense. Brignoli was singing. She put her finger on her lip and opened the door of the dressing-room.

Magnificent!

It was the true Italian strain that pleased her. Something in the worn voice, and something more in the method of the once favourite tenor, touched her, as they sometimes will all of us, even at this day.

Nilsson has made a princely fortune with her voice. She will go back to Europe worth 400,000 dollars—half which she made in this country. It cannot be said of her, as of others, that she took it all away, for she has proved her admiration of America by investing nearly all her American profits here.

NYM CRINKLE.

COLOGNE.—A short time since, in one of the waits between the acts of *Undine*, at the Thalia Theatre, the conductor, Herr Catenhusen, was agreeably surprised by having a hand-ome silver-mounted conductor's baton presented him, as a mark of the high esteem in which he is held by the company, and the appreciation they entertain of his exertions in the cause of opera. Donizetti's *Favorita* will shortly be produced for the first time here.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

PROGRAMME OF THE 400th CONCERT,

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 27, 1872.

QUINTET, in D major, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI and PIATTI
 SONG, "Lord, in youth's eager years" (*Gideon*)—Mr. SIMS REEVES
 SUITE DE PIÈCES, in E major (containing "The Harmonious Blacksmith") for pianoforte alone. (By desire)—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD
 SONATA, in A major, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment (By desire)—Signor PIATTI
 SONG, "Adelaide." (By desire)—Mr. SIMS REEVES, accompanied by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD
 QUARTET, in B minor, Op. 3, No. 3, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. STRAUS and PIATTI
 Conductor SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

Mozart.
C. E. Horsley.

Handel.

Boccherini.

Beethoven.

Mendelssohn.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 29th, 1872.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A minor Op. 41, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, STRAUS and PIATTI
 AIR, "Dalla sua pace,"—Mr. BENTHAM
 SONATA, in C minor, Op. 35, for pianoforte alone (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD
 Conductor SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

Schumann

Mozart.

Dussek.

PART II.

SONATA, in B flat, for pianoforte, and violin, dedicated to Mlle: Strinasacchi—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Madame NORMAN-NERUDA
 SONG,—"Mr. BENTHAM"
 SEPTET, in D minor, Op. 74, for pianoforte, flute, oboe, horn, viola, violoncello, and contra bass—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. RADCLIFF, BARRETT, PAQUES, STRAUS, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI
 Conductor SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

Mozart.

Schubert.

Hummel.

MARRIAGE.

On January 17th, OSCAR BERINGER, Esq., to AMY, daughter of EDWARD LYNCH DANIEL, Esq., formerly of Her Majesty's 2nd (Queen's Royals) Regiment, and grand-daughter of Brigadier-General Daniell, Commander of Fort William, Calcutta.

DEATHS.

On the 20th inst., at his residence, Bowthorpe Hall, Norfolk, JOHN BOWLETT, aged 70.

On the 16th January, after a painful illness, at her residence, 1, Bladud Buildings, Bath, LETITIA, widow of the late Mr. GEORGE FIELD.

ERRATUM.—The term "lyric Canadian" applied in our last to Mr. Charles Lyall, should have been "lyric comedian."

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1872.

OPERA IN EGYPT AND ITALY.

GRAND Cairo has had an opera-house for some time past. The Khédive came west, as everybody knows; visited the Rue Lepelletier, looked in at the "Garden," and went home sensible of a new want. Not even the Lord of Egypt could take with him the establishment of Mr. Frederic Gye, or that over which M. Halanzier now rules; so, to satisfy his want, he had to create an establishment of

his own. Presto!—the thing was done; and Cairo boasted an opera-house almost before the steady-going inhabitants got an inkling of the fact. Aladdin's lamp could hardly have performed an architectural and upholstering feat with greater speed and completeness. Night and day the workmen laboured; while active agents resorted to the artistic marts of Europe, with full purse and *carte blanche*. Needs must when the Khédive drives—and the lyric drama soon found a home in the land of the Pharaohs. Here is matter wherewith to "point a moral, or adorn a tale!" Egypt, the mother of history, takes to herself the youngest-born of art; "forty centuries" witnessing the transaction, and a whole population gravely wondering what it might portend! But our business is not to draw lessons from the juxtaposition of *prime donne* and the Pyramids, or the river Nile and *fioriture*. We desire, rather, to point out the natural logic with which, having determined upon Italian opera, the Khédive sought Italian co-operation. A more sophisticated amateur would, probably, have declined to see any necessary connexion between the two, now that the Italian lyric stage is chiefly adorned by artists and operas of foreign birth. But the illustrious *impresario* of Egypt seems to have resolved that what purported to be Italian should not belie its name. It pleased him to order a new work; and Signor Verdi was forthwith roused out of lethargy to write *Aida*, which opera has just been produced by a chosen band of Signor Verdi's compatriots. That was a triumph, the other day, in Cairo theatre, which recalled the time when Italian art reigned supreme. In the interest of Italian art there was need of it; not so much because Cis-Alpine talent is surely elbowing that of the Peninsula off the European stage, as because Italy herself is turning against her own offspring, and taking the stranger to her bosom. Here we have a phenomenon well worth looking at.

Who is the stranger thus able to conquer even maternal instinct?—and whence does he come? The question as to place evokes for answer a new phase of a very old story. It is once more the Goth who swoops down from the Alps—or rushes through the Mont Cenis tunnel—to overpower an ancient and effete order of things. But never, if present appearances may be trusted, did Goth address himself to an easier task. The invader has been received with acclaim instead of blows; shields which were expected to bar his passage, have borne him aloft in triumph; and he stands enrolled among the gods. Even the boundless self-esteem of Richard Wagner—for such is this conqueror's name—must find it hard to account for the victory he is said to have won. Nobody could have expected the result when it was announced that certain men of Bologna had determined, with fantastic courage, to place *Lohengrin* upon their lyric stage. The apparent odds were dead against the faintest chance of success, because Wagner's theory violates every tradition of Italian art. Melody, form, and the domination of musical over all other exigencies, are articles of faith in the school of Rossini, which the teachings of Wagner utterly repudiate. A stormy reception for *Lohengrin* was therefore to be anticipated; or else that the orthodox audience would take out their money's worth in ridicule, and then insist upon *Il Barbiere* as a corrective. But if any went to laugh, it seems (if report may be credited) that they remained to applaud. The Bolognese became *Lohengrin* mad; wore *Lohengrin* hats, ate *Lohengrin* tarts, smoked *Lohengrin* cigars, and generally comported themselves to match. Meanwhile, the victor's chariot rolled on to Florence; the drivers meditating a triumphal progress through every other Italian city. What thought Richard

Wagner, who, in his own proper person, remained on the hither side of the Alps,—what thought the Prophet of all this? We should say that no miracle-worker was ever more astonished at his own success. Italy at the feet of Wagner!—the adamant walls of Italian prejudice and national pride crumbling into ruin at the first sound of the *Lohengrin* trumpets! No wonder that Wagner inundated the Peninsula with letters of thanks, till the man who had not received one went about in all the glory of singular distinction. No wonder that, for the moment, he saw the "Future" become the present; himself no longer "despised and rejected of men" (the comparison is his own), but enthroned and worshipped. What shall we say to these things? That true Art has received another blow from a hand which should have been the last raised against it? That true Art is in greater danger than ever, consequent upon the further success of a pestilent heresy? No; we will say nothing thus disquieting, for two reasons: First, when a nation becomes artistically so degraded and effete as the Italy of our day, its sympathies are without significance. Next, we believe that Truth cannot permanently suffer. *Magna est veritas*, &c., is not a mere form of words; but the essence of all history, which the history of music will not belie. Let Wagnerism, then, go on its victorious way. If it be true, as we believe it is not, so much the better. If it be false, as we believe it is, the end will come.

THE 400th Monday Popular Concert—since the institution, by Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, on February 14th, 1859—takes place this afternoon. Saturday, it is true, is not Monday; but any day in the week on which such music is to be heard as that which Mr. Chappell gives, always has given, and always will give, deserves to be called "Monday," if only on that account.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

We learn on good authority that Mr. Santley has accepted an engagement with the Parepa-Rosa company. The company may rejoice, and we hope Mr. Santley will "pocket bank notes by sheaves" in consequence of it. Meanwhile, English music lovers may find what consolation they can for the prolonged absence of their favourite baritone.

OFFENBACH's success in setting Alfred de Musset's *Chanson de Fortunio* has encouraged him to take for a libretto an entire piece by that poet. He selected *Fantasio*—more original in its details than in the subject—and turned it into an opera, which may be said to correspond, in a distant manner, to the poem. It contains some graceful melodies, but is dramatically ineffective, and gives but little satisfaction to the audience of the Opéra Comique. The only dramatic incident in *Fantasio* may have been suggested either by Marivaux's *Joux de l'Amour et du Hasard*, or by Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, or both. The Duke of Mantua—not our familiar acquaintance in *Rigoletto*, but another less attractive—is about to marry the Princess of Bavaria, and, wishing to be loved on his own account, tries what effect the addresses of his aide-de-camp, presenting himself under the duke's name, and in the duke's attire, will have upon her; the duke, in the meantime, assuming the costume and character of the aide-de-camp. The poetical personage is a German student, who, finding that the Prince's jester is dead, replaces him at the Bavarian Court, brings her official suitor into ridiculous positions, and ends by marrying her. Offenbach has introduced a setting of Alfred de Musset's *ballade à la lune*, the most successful piece in the score. The poet's brother, Paul de Musset, and Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, acted as literary sponsors to the work; and the latter has added a *dénouement* indicated only in the original. Despite the care bestowed, it seems doubtful whether *Fantasio* will not continue to be better known in its original than in its adapted form.

WE are glad to welcome the prospectus of Mr. Henry Leslie's concerts, especially when, as in the case of the one just issued, it promises a choice selection of works already made familiar by the singing of Mr. Leslie's choir; and a novelty so interesting as Carissimi's oratorio, *Jonath.* Mr. Leslie praises this early example of religious dramatic music in high terms; but, whatever its value, he will deserve credit for making the thing known.

It has been decided to hold a grand national Festival in celebration of the recovery of the Prince of Wales, at the Crystal Palace, on the 1st May. The directors have commissioned Mr. Arthur Sullivan to compose a *Te Deum*, for orchestra and voices, for the occasion, and the work will be performed on a grand scale in the Centre Transept.

OUR Austrian neighbours enjoy the reputation of being phlegmatic and prosaic, but under their cold exterior is concealed a passionate love—we might almost say veneration—for the arts, especially of music and poetry, which may be looked for in vain amongst more volatile nations. Hence, the ovation last week, at Vienna, to the veteran poet, Edward von Bauernfeld, on the seventieth anniversary of his birth. From the Emperor, who sent him a diamond ring as a personal mark of esteem, to his humblest admirers, a number of whom clubbed together to offer him a simple bouquet—the whole city united to render homage to the venerable genius. Deputations from all the principal guilds, theatres, and musical societies, offered their congratulations, as well as more substantial proofs of esteem. The *Bürger Diplom* (which answers to our freedom of the city) was presented to the hero of the day by a number of distinguished personages and civic dignitaries. It was designed and decorated by August Klein, and fully sustains his artistic reputation. H. L. B.

MR. CHARLES NOVERRE, professor of music at Norwich, has forwarded £3 15s. 6d. to Mr. W. Duncan Davison, for the H. Blagrove Testimonial Fund.

TO-DAY, at the Crystal Palace, we are promised Liszt's piano-forte concerto in E flat, and—by way of compensation—Mozart's overture to *Idomeneo*, and G minor symphony, with the *Leonora*, "No. 3," by the mighty Beethoven, to finish.

SIGNOR COTOGNI, of the Royal Italian Opera, who is now singing at the St. Carlo, Lisbon, has been received with enthusiasm. The verdict of the Portuguese public has been endorsed by His Majesty the King, who has conferred upon Signor Cotogni one of those crowns of distinction rarely granted to any but ministers or warriors.

It is stated that Mr. Dion Boucicault has taken Covent Garden Theatre for eight months, to commence from the termination of the Italian Opera season. In that case we may hope to keep Mr. Boucicault and his accomplished wife among us for the autumn and winter. What then becomes of their much-talked-of American trip?

OLDENBURG.—Herr Emil Naumann's symphony, which was successfully performed some years ago at the Gewandhaus Concerts, Leipzig, was lately executed here by the Ducal orchestra, and well received.

RIGA.—There have already been 70 rehearsals of Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger*, which will be produced almost immediately.

STUTTGART.—A new opera, *Dornröschen* (*The Sleeping Beauty*), words by Herr Pasqué, music by Herr Gottfried von Linder, has been produced with unequivocal success. Though the libretto is entitled romantic, everything takes place according to the regular laws of nature, as in *La Dame Blanche*, the well-known story being simply related. The music is among the best new music heard on the stage for some time, and, considering it is a first effort, augurs well for the future career of the young composer. Herr Braun, Herr Schütky, and Mdle. Telini, representatives of the three principal parts, acquitted themselves admirably; so did the orchestra, under the direction of Herr Abert.

VIENNA.—M. Anton Rubinstein lately gave a grand concert. Among the audience were the Abbate Franz Liszt, and Herr Hans von Bulow. M. Rubinstein's opera, *Feramosa*, will be produced at the Royal Opera-house.

PROVINCIAL.

BIRMINGHAM.—We have received the subjoined from our own correspondent:—

"The sacred concert of the Festival Choral Society was given at the town hall on Wednesday, the 17th, the attendance being enormous despite the wretched weather. The name of Mdle. Tietjens at the head of the list of principals exercised its unfailing attraction; and as the great German *prima donna* was in capital voice, her numerous admirers had ample scope for gratification, which they failed not to testify vociferously. Mdle. Colombo created a favourable impression by this her first appearance in Birmingham, and the humour of Signor Borella appeared to suit the taste of his audience. Signor Vizzani does not improve, nor is he even likely to make substantial progress without much more careful study than he appears to have undergone. Signor Poli is an established favourite artist, and met with the warm reception of a friendly audience. The instrumental element was furnished with pianoforte solos by Mdle. Carreno, and harp solos by Mdle. Jansen, the latter a young Dutch lady of undoubted ability. Mr. F. H. Cowen officiated as an excellent accompanist, and the choir displayed their well known abilities in several pieces under the experienced conductorship of their careful and infatigable master, Mr. Stockley.—March 21st to 23rd.—Mr. Mapleson's company will give three performances at the Theatre Royal, the operas named being *Il Flauto Magico*, *Don Pasquale* and *Fidelio*. The last named will test the classical taste of the hardware capital (so-called).—D. H."

HEMEL-HEMPSTEAD, HERTS.—The subjoined is from a correspondent:—

"Mr. A. J. Parson's fifth annual grand evening concert was given on Friday, January 19th, in the town hall, under the patronage of the principal nobility and gentry of the town. Mdme. Clara Suter, the Misses Ashton and May Atkins, Messrs. Montem Smith and C. J. Bishenden were the vocalists. The amount of applause Mr. Bishenden, (who is a native of the town) received, proved that he is a great favourite among his towns-people. The large hall was crowded in every part, showing that the Hemel-Hempstead people like good singing, when they have the opportunity given them."

NEWPORT (Isle of Wight).—The following remarks on a concert given by the St. Thomas's Musical Society, are condensed from a long criticism in *The Hampshire Independent*:—

"All dwellers in the Isle of Wight—and many people out of the island—are fully aware of the high standard of musical proficiency which the St. Thomas's Musical Society has attained under the talented and painstaking conductorship of the Rev. W. H. Nutter. This charming society, as it was designated the other evening by our Archdeacon, gave a successful concert on Tuesday, the 9th inst., in the Volunteers' Hall. The programme consisted of Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, and a miscellaneous selection. The principal vocalists were Mr. Edward Lloyd and Miss Sophie Ferrari. Mr. J. L. Gubbins was the leading violinist; Mr. J. T. Mew and Mrs. W. H. Nutter, pianists; and Mr. Jones presided at the harmonium. This was the last concert (we regret to say) to be given under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Nutter, who, as farewell gifts, presented each lady member of the society with a camelia, red being the soprano, and white the contralto colours. Miss Sophie Ferrari was presented with a very elegant bouquet by the rev. gentleman, who was received with an "ovation" on taking his place as conductor. The introductory symphony of the *Hymn of Praise* was effectually played by the instrumentalists, and the vocal performances reflected the highest credit on the executants. The *chorale*, 'Let all men praise the Lord,' and the concluding chorus, 'Ye nations, offer to the Lord,' were especially well given, and received the warmest applause from all parts of the hall. In all that Miss Sophie Ferrari undertook she acquitted herself as an accomplished vocalist, and fully established herself a favourite with the audience. Mr. Lloyd is always certain of a cordial welcome from us. Mrs. H. Shepard took part with Miss Ferrari in the duet, 'The sorrows of death,' and sang with excellent effect. In the miscellaneous part of the concert, Miss Sophie Ferrari sang, with remarkable sweetness, 'The Maiden's Story,' by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and was rapturously encoored; in response to the call she gave 'Dora mon ange,' by Mr. Molloy, both of which were tastefully accompanied by Miss Connor. Miss G. Bairnsfather's song, 'The Skylark,' was also so charmingly sung, that Miss Ferrari repeated it by unanimous desire; indeed, her rendering of the ballad was marked throughout by the highest taste and finish. We must not omit to mention an unexpected treat. The duet, 'L'Addio' (not in the programme), was sung by Miss Ferrari and the Rev. Robinson Duckworth, the latter displaying a rich and well-cultured voice, which blended well with the pure soprano of his gifted companion. Want of space compels us to omit mentioning in detail the other pieces in the programme; but in

justice we must name 'The Message' (Sims Reeves' great song) sung by Mr. Lloyd, who was encoored, but only bowed his acknowledgment of the compliment. The concert began with the national anthem and concluded with Mr. Brinley Richards' 'God bless the Prince of Wales,' the solos being undertaken by Miss Ferrari and Mr. Lloyd. The Venerable C. W. Wilson (Archdeacon of the Isle of Wight) then addressed the audience, and said they ought not to separate without according their warmest thanks to the accomplished gentleman who had arranged that most delightful entertainment. He alluded to the Rev. W. H. Nutter, who was the very life and soul of that charming society, and sorry were they all to know that they were about to lose one who had so often contributed to their highest enjoyment. As they could not all speak on that occasion, let them by their cheers endorse and carry the vote of thanks to Mr. Nutter, which he then proposed. He was sure he might add, in their name, that Mr. Nutter would be followed to his new sphere of labour by their best wishes, and glad would they be at any time to see him once more amongst his many friends and admirers in the Isle of Wight. The remarks of the Archdeacon were received with loud and prolonged cheering, which was enthusiastically renewed when Mr. Nutter came to the front of the platform, and bowed his thanks to the audience. Since writing the above, we have learned, with pleasure, that there is a probability of another 'Last Concert' being given under Mr. Nutter's direction, before he leaves Newport, in which event the principal piece would most likely be a *Canata* for female voices, 'The Cloud with a Silver Lining,' composed by Miss Francesca Ferrari—a sister of the lady who ably filled such a prominent position at the concert we have just alluded to."

THE LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The concert given by the professional students of the London Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening, in St. George's Hall, exhibited very satisfactorily the results of the system adopted at the institution. The programme comprised about thirty vocal and instrumental pieces, selected from classical and modern composers, and was sustained by as many aspirants for musical honours. The pianists were the Misses De Lucie, Rhodes, Hutchinson, Chidley, Imeson, Goodman (prize scholar), Codd, Ritter, Julia Russell, Lizzie Jacobs, Wagget, Learwood, Macgee, Clout, and Moulding (prize scholar). The vocalists were the Misses Hancock (prize scholar), Nora Manwell (prize scholar), Hillerton, Emrick, Alice Jennings, F. Martin, Green, and Hamilton. The violinists were Mr. Sommer (associate), and Master Jefford. Herr Ganz (professor) accompanied the young *débutantes* in his usual masterly style; he was ably seconded by Mr. A. Barth (associate and assistant master). The performance of Beethoven's *Appassionata* sonata by Miss Rhodes was the first success of the evening. It was followed by Liszt's "Rhapsodie" Hongroise, executed by Miss De Lucie. Both these young ladies have talents of a high order, which have, at other concerts, enlisted the sympathies of musical audiences. Miss Florence Hutchinson, who used to be regarded as a juvenile prodigy, although changed in appearance, has lost none of her pleasing qualities as a pianist, and executed Prudent's *Don Pasquale* fantasia with a brilliancy and effect which augur well for her future career as an *artiste*. The classical pieces contributed by Miss Chidley, Miss Imeson and Miss Codd—viz., the finale to Weber's sonata in A flat, the *moto continuo* from sonata in C, and Mendelssohn's fantasia in F sharp minor, were also admirably executed. Miss Lizzie Moulding and Miss Goodman (the two prize scholars) showed by their excellent playing their just title to the honours conferred on them, and did credit to their respective instructors, Dr. Wyld and Mr. K. C. Salaman; whilst the execution of some light pieces by Misses L. Jacobs, Ritter, M. Jacobs, and Julia Russell received due acknowledgment. Some pianoforte duets played by the Misses Clout, Learwood, and Macgee were also favourably noticed. The violin playing of Mr. Sommer was a feature in the concert, and, with that of the tiny youth Master Jefford, showed that the class over which Herr Ludwig presides is making rapid strides. The singing of the vocalists likewise showed progress. Miss Margaret Hancock (prize scholar), Miss Ori, Miss Emrick, Miss Hillerton, Miss Alice Jennings, and Miss Hamilton well sustained the reputation of the institution, and the pleasing voice of the Misses Nora Manwell (prize scholar), C. L. Green, F. Martin, and Farnese were warmly commended. The concert was attended by a large number of the amateur students, who avail themselves of the advantages the Academy offers, and by the friends and supporters of the professional scholars—in fact, St. George's Hall was thronged.—*Standard*.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—On the 8th inst., Weber's *Der Freischütz* was played here for the 250th time. It was preceded by a *Festspiel*, written in honour of the occasion.

MUSIC IN LONDON HALF A CENTURY AGO.

(By a Looker-on, living at the period—1820.)
(Continued.)

They who have not tried the experiment would be surprised to find how few songs there are which really contain those elements upon which a singer can build a great reputation; again their number is reduced, so far as his choice is concerned, by peculiarity of style, not only as respects the subject, but also as respects his own manner, compass, and various other circumstances, that unfit them for his powers. Singers know that they are but too often blamed for apparent failure or decline, when the fault lies in the composition they sing. Who, for instance, can raise any other songs to the same pitch of expression with those we have above named? In what other recitative and air does Braham rise to the sublimity of "Comfort ye my people," or to the passion of "Deeper and deeper still?" These reflections naturally coincide with the necessity of ease, and the multiplicity of engagements. Singers* are glad to excuse themselves from the search after novelty,† till they feel the wearisome effects of repetition in purse and person. Indeed, such compositions are rare in England. "Gentle Lyre," and "The Soldier's Dream," are the only tenor songs of high celebrity the last twenty-five years have produced. Dr. Calcott and Mr. Horsley have given greater scope to the bass, while scarcely a single soprano song has attached and retained public esteem during the same period. Ballads that enjoy a short and bright existence and the last bravura from the last new opera afford the sole supply. Handel and Arne, after all, are the grand classical resources. It must therefore be confessed that in one elevated department there is a conspicuous want of novelty. The art of conducting, then, lies in learning to balance love of excellence against desire for what is new. It has always appeared to our judgment that, taking into view the limitations to which they are compelled to bend, the conductors of the Vocal Concerts have exhibited an admirable judgment in this particular. Their reign has been long and prosperous. In order to protract its duration and ensure its prosperity, may it not be worth while to consider the means of stimulating our English composers, and of enlarging the stock list of the songs of the principal performers? Sure we are that this is the only expedient which remains untried; everything that taste, talent, ancient learning, and modern improvement have furnished has been eagerly sought. Whether more can be effected may perhaps afford the subject of an experiment. To beguile the time we must look like the time. If this fails, the thing is worn out, or the fashion has changed; for in point of real excellence, the Vocal Concerts will not be surpassed. Insulated concerts cannot be expected to demonstrate that uniform precision of execution belonging to bands so trained in conjunction as those of the three great orchestral establishments. In other respects our observations are not applicable to the vocal alone; they might include the whole circle of metropolitan concerts, the Philharmonic only excepted.

In our last sketch of the state of music in London, we briefly remarked upon the rise of instrumental music, and its probable causes. Intimately connected with both, stands the society we have just named, a society established to rescue instrumental performance from the neglect into which it seemed likely to sink after the decline of Salomon's and The Professional Concerts. The Philharmonic has not this year increased in reputation; a slight relaxation towards the interspersing of more vocal music is visible.

During the season there have been of course some novelties in composition. A symphony of Mr. Spohr was well received, but did not excite extraordinary sensation.‡ A quarter of Mayseder (of which by the way Mr. Mori played the principal part admirably) with regard to extravagance out-Beethoven's Beethoven, but it had little of his genius, his richness or combination. It is one of the things most calculated to make even enthusiasts feel that in music, as in life, good sense is

* The writer of this article remarked to an eminent public singer, at one of the rehearsals of the Ancient Concerts this season, that Mrs. Salomon's voice appeared to have lost some of its freshness. "Has it indeed?"—said the professor archly. "I will tell you the history of Mrs. Salomon's last week's public engagements:—On Monday morning she sang at the rehearsal of the Ancient Concert; at night at the Philharmonic. On Tuesday night at Oxford. On Wednesday night in the Oratorio, and at the Ancient Concert. On Thursday night at Oxford. On Friday at Bath. On Saturday at Bristol; and here she is again on Monday morning. There is then some reason to suppose she is not quite fresh." Such industry is not less astonishing than the power to sustain the labour implied.

† Mr. Braham is almost the only singer who takes a wide and lofty range, and even this is of late. This excursion is, however, honourable both to his judgment and his genius.

‡ This is the Symphony in D minor (No. 2), composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society, and to which Spohr himself refers in his *Autobiography*—Ed. M. W.

indispensable to real excellence. It is, however, probable that the taste for romancing will be pushed into yet stronger absurdity before the perverted judgment of the many will be corrected and brought back to truth. Perhaps no more sufficient proof is necessary than the comparative tameness with which Mozart's most masterly sinfonia, in C (No. 1), was received, and the applauses lavished on Beethoven's, in C minor, on the fifth night (!). Insensibility to so perfect a work can only be accounted for by this rage for extravagance. On the same evening a concerto, by the same author, was performed for the first time in this country by Mr. Neate. Beethoven wrote it expressly for himself, but his slovenly habits of execution were unequal to the task. The *tutti* introduction is fine, and the executive parts for the pianoforte very various, very difficult, and at times very effective, though frequently incongruous.* Mr. Neate played with remarkable brilliancy, and was greeted with never-ending applause. Spontini's overture (*Fernand Cortez*) was positively ridiculous.

The playing of Mr. Spohr, a celebrated violinist, has been the grand circumstance of attraction during the season. A critic at Rome has said of this artist that "he was the greatest singer upon the violin ever heard"—(*Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*)—the highest compliment perhaps that can be paid to an instrumentalist. He first played a concerto in the dramatic style: the composition was very clever, and classed under its proper head. A quartet, in which he afterwards assisted, was so entirely calculated to display the single performer as to injure its effect as a concerted piece. His manner is totally without pretension; his tone fine, his intonation admirable, and his execution of the most finished order. But as all exceedingly minute polish is apt to diminish force, the impression upon some was that he wanted fire; but much of this objection vanishes on frequent hearing. He certainly does not possess the energetic bowing of the school of Viotti, which is a disadvantage, for a solo player ought in his very sweetest passages to have a character of vigour; and the position of his hand is peculiar, owing probably to the length of his fingers (he is upwards of 6 feet high). There is also a peculiarity in the fitting up of his violin, the tail-piece being considerably shorter than those in general use. This construction is said to give a quicker return of the string from the finger-board, and to confer greater facility in execution. Mr. Spohr has given very various proofs of ability at different concerts. At that for the benefit of the New Musical Fund he played an air of Mozart's with variations. The theme was touched with prodigious feeling and taste, and he introduced staccato runs into the variations with admirable skill and effect. The only slight draw-back to praise was that in some of the extreme transitions from low to high notes the intonation was occasionally imperfect.

In our former article we also noticed the Amateur City Concert with that satisfaction which it is natural to feel at seeing opulence ally itself to art. We have since enquired into the formation of this establishment, and we find particulars enough to make it at no very remote period (probably in our next), the subject of a separate article. In the meanwhile, however, it forms a distinguished point in a sketch, which professes to enumerate the details of the state of music in the metropolis. These concerts have given great satisfaction; such high pleasure, indeed, that their revival with redoubled spirit next season is fully anticipated. The list of subscribers is before us, amounting to five hundred. The entire management is entrusted to a committee of twenty gentlemen, ten of whom are entitled the musical committee. By one of these the music for the night is selected. Sir George Smart conducted, and Messrs. Spagnoletti and Loder led. The band was numerous and choice, consisting principally of instrumentalists engaged at the Philharmonic, intermixed with about sixteen amateurs (who submit to the severest restrictions with respect to rehearsals); and the vocal list is not less various and high in scientific merit. The selections have the predominant characteristics of the time, viz., the leaning to the music of foreign composers, amongst whom Mozart in the vocal, and Haydn and Beethoven in the instrumental departments, stand conspicuous. The programmes are, however, very various, and our own composers meet respectful attention. The names of Attwood, Bishop, Horsley, and C. Potter appear; and a *Gloria in excelsis*, amongst other things, was expressly composed for these concerts by Mr. Horsley, and presented to the directors. After the task of selection, the whole musical management lies, we believe, with Sir George Smart, who has derived great credit from the arrangements. At one of the concerts Madame Spohr played in a duet, on the harp, with her husband on the violin, and manifested great ability. It was a highly finished performance in every point.

(To be continued.)

DRESDEN.—Herr Mansfeld, at the head of an orchestra of forty-two performers, has been giving a series of concerts, which were well attended.

* This refers to Beethoven's third pianoforte Concerto—in C minor (!)—Ed.

REVIEWS.

Zampa. Fantaisie de Concert sur l'Ouverture de Hérold, pour piano par SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown and Parry.]

MR. SMITH has treated Hérold's popular overture in a very characteristic and spirited fashion. There are numerous alternative passages which will be found useful by players of moderate skill. The actual text, however, looks more formidable than it really is, Mr. Smith being one of those composers for the piano who know how to write pianoforte music.

Tyrolienne. Pour Piano par SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

THIS is a very graceful and pleasing Allegretto in D flat. Moderate as to difficulty, it will be extensively popular.

Saltarello (Etude d'Octaves). Pour Piano par SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

A *presto vivace* in G minor; full of vigour, and as original as a movement of the sort can well be. Its utility for teaching purposes is obvious at a glance.

Lucia di Lammermoor. Fantaisie Brillante sur l'Opera de Donizetti, pour Piano par SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

MR. SMITH shows his usual skill in this work; the themes being happily chosen, gracefully set off, and effectively contrasted. Lovers of Donizetti's opera may now enjoy their favourite melodies as served up in the most approved modern style.

Fleur de l'Ame. Romance sans Paroles Composé pour Piano par MAURICE LEE. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

NOT novel, but easy and pleasing. Key, G major.

Dolly Varden Quadrille on old English tunes, by C. H. MARRIOTT. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

"BEGONE, dull Care," "Old King Cole," "Cherry Ripe"—the dear old tunes make a capital quadrille. A group of sham Dolly Vardens (with the Grecian bend) strike attitudes on the title-page.

March Religieuse pour l'Orgue. Composée par A. W. NEWELL. [Liverpool: Hime and Son.]

THIS March (why has it a French title?) is in F major—episode in the subdominant. Its two simple themes are treated in a variety of forms, ending with a counterpoint of triplets for the pedal. Effective, and easy.

The Orphan's Lament. Ballad. Written by C. B. JACKSON, Music by ALBERT HESSIER. [W. W. Wand & Co.]

A PATHETIC story of want and woe—melody distinguished by true feeling—simple accompaniment. Key, A major; compass E to F, nine notes.

March Breillienne pour le Pianoforte, par IGNACE GIBSON. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

How far this march may answer its description, we are not prepared to say, but there can be no doubt that its character is well marked, fresh, and interesting. It presents little difficulty, and amateurs who desire variety for their "Canterburys," should give it attention.

Stella. Grande Valse de Concert pour le Pianoforte, par IGNACE GIBSON. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THE graceful and pleasing character of this waltz, is the more valuable because associated with an absence of all difficulty. It is a capital teaching piece for extensions and repeated notes. Key E flat major.

The Mill Lad's Love. Song. Written by G. T. CHESTER, Music composed by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

ADMIRABLE words, with more pains in them than usually belongs to "words for music." The melody is pleasing, and marked by fitting piquancy, while the accompaniments are in good taste. The song ought to become a favourite.

The Wonderland Quadrilles. Composed for the Pianoforte, by C. H. MARRIOTT. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

NAMED after the most charming of childish books, (from which a number of pretty illustrations have been taken, to adorn the title-page), these quadrilles are adapted for children's use. The themes are those of well-known nursery ditties.

Waiting, Watching. Song. Written and composed by Mrs. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS. [London: Chappell & Co.]

AN expressive little poem of love and constancy set to music at once appropriate, well written, and pleasing. The amateur must be a very bad singer indeed who cannot make an effect with it. Key, A flat major, compass, E flat to F.

Lisana's Song. Words by Sir H. TAYLOR, music by WILFRED POWELL, [Edinburgh: Paterson & Sons.]

THE first phrase of this song is in A flat major; the second in E major. The first part ends in A major; and the second begins in C minor. Bold, certainly.

W A I F S.

Mdlle. Schneider is reported seriously ill at St. Petersburg.

They have begun to rebuild the Théâtre-Lyrique, burnt by the Commune.

Mr. Jacques Blumenthal has arrived in town, after a lengthened tour on the Continent.

Ricci's new opera, *Une Fête à Venise*, will be produced at the Athénée some time this month.

The Folies-Nouvelles has closed its doors for want of support. M. Hervé has sent the manager 1000 francs.

The Parisian theatres received last month 1,209,837 francs. Nos voisins have still money to spend, Prince Bismarck.

Mdme. Sophie Cruvelli proposes to give some concerts in Paris for the benefit of the poor.

La France Musicale says that Mdlle. Nilsson will go to Madrid on her return from America.

The eldest daughter of Signor Mario, if rumour may be credited, is about to be married to an English gentleman of fortune.

ORGAN APPOINTMENT.—Mr. G. L. Adler has been appointed organist to St. John's Church, Hillingdon, near Uxbridge.

M. Trinquier, the new tenor of the Grand Opéra, has flung up his engagement—the management being willing.

Dr. White of Waterford gave a lecture, on *The Legendary Tales and Songs of Ireland and Scotland*, on Tuesday, at the Richmond reading room, assisted by Miss Bucks.

M. Colin, the popular tenor of the Grand Opera, died on the 13th inst, aged but thirty-one years. He was the original Laertes of M. Thomas's *Hamlet*.

The death is announced of M. Devries, father of the young artist who appeared at Covent Garden during Mr. Mapleson's autumnal season.

By twenty-six votes out of thirty-five, M. Victor Massé has been chosen to occupy Auber's vacant chair at the Institute. There is still room for another on the same seat.

Before leaving Paris for London, Mdme. Taglioni will sell her collection of pictures and *articles de vertu*, of which latter she has many curious specimens.

The Imperial arms have been replaced at the Grand Opéra by a lyre, with the following inscription, "Claudibus hæc nullus, nullo delebilis ævo." The motto is more true than most mottoes.

"A Scholarship," presented by the Mendelssohn Foundation Committee to the Royal Academy of Music, has been awarded to Miss Mary Crawford. Mr. Eaton Fanning was highly commended.

The death has been announced of Major Robinson, of the City Artillery, long known and respected as the treasurer of Her Majesty's Theatre during Mr. Lumley's management. The major was in his 58th year.

The choir boys (thirteen in number) who left the choir of St. James's, Marylebone, at the same time that Mr. John Gill withdrew, have presented that gentleman with a handsome inkstand, as a mark of their esteem and regard.

MORE honours for artists:—M. Perny of Nice—Chevalier of the Crown of Italy; Signor Tiberini—Commander of Isabella the Catholic; M. Petit—Chevalier of the same order; M. Romero of Madrid—Commander of the same order; M. Wilhelmj—order of Gustavus Wasa.

M. Nichotte, a Belgian friend of Rossini, being employed by the master's widow to edit certain MSS., introduced several pieces at his concerts without her consent. Mdme. Rossini has now sued him for 50,000 francs damages, and M. Nichotte has entered a counter-claim *en réparation du tort moral*.

It is contemplated to introduce good change-ringing on a peal of eight bells, specially hung for the purpose, at the International Exhibition The Ancient Society of College Youths, and other well-known bell-ringing associations, may be expected to perform occasionally, and illustrate this essentially English branch of music.

The Executive Committee of the Royal Albert Hall will give a series of eighteen musical performances, in the months of May, June, and July next, for which a subscription list is now opened. These Concerts will embrace four classes of music, viz. :—Oratorios, given by the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa; Operatic and miscellaneous concerts, given by Mr. Mapleson; Popular concerts, given by Mr. Arthur Chappell; Grand Choral Concerts, under the direction of M. Chas. Gounod, with the aid of the Albert Hall Choral Society.

The following gentlemen have received, from the College of Organists, certificates of the first class, after passing the necessary examination, and have been admitted to Fellowship:—Mr. S. Corbett, of Wellington, Salop; Mr. H. B. Ellis, of Halsead, Essex; Mr. C. J. Frost, of Weston-Super-Mare; Mr. George Gaffe, of Norwich; Mr. Edward Griffiths, of Chislehurst; Mr. Frederick Illiffe, of Kibworth, Leicester; Mr. Jesse Minns, of Mitcham, Surrey.

The date of the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral, at which Her Majesty is to attend, will be fixed as soon as the necessary fittings can be erected. The Dean of St. Paul's has had an interview with the Lord Chamberlain on the subject. The choir is now closed, and the flooring being raised one foot throughout. Messrs. Cubitt are pushing forward the work as rapidly as possible, and Messrs. Willis are making every effort to complete the organ. It is proposed to issue tickets for 18,000 persons. These will be distributed from the Lord Chamberlain's office, and not by the cathedral authorities, who will hand over the control of the church for the day to the civil authorities. We understand that Mr. John Goss will write a *Te Deum* for the occasion.

The Parepa-Rosa troupe, after a most successful tour in the United States, including New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Detroit, Cleveland, &c., arrived at Buffalo on the 27th, ult.; and, if we may judge by the local papers, the company is creating no little excitement amongst the inhabitants of that city. Of *Mdlle. Parepa-Rosa* the *Express* informs us:—

"Madame Parepa assumed the part of Adelia, and her rendering was certainly unexceptionable. The wonderful vocal power, the perfect style and broad dramatic treatment of the theme combined to render the interpretation in every respect altogether admirable and artistic. It was above criticism, it is reserved for us to indulge only in the heartiest commendation."

The same paper says:—

"Mrs. Van Zandt played the part of the Page, and intensified the favourable impression made on the occasion of her first appearance in *La Gazza Ladra*. Her clear, beautiful voice and artistic method, together with her correct execution and bright vivacity, tended to render her interpretation of the character altogether the most artistic that we have ever seen. This lady seems to be never at fault, and her Continental training and experience are evident in her perfect style."

The *Courier*, in criticising a performance of Zerlina by the same lady, observes:—

"We are perfectly contented with her Zerlina it leaves nothing to be desired. The impression which this charming singer and actress has made here during the last three nights will not be readily effaced. Her conception of the part of Zerlina was thorough; she was the sprightly, vivacious, easily influenced peasant girl to the life; while the music of the *role* could scarcely have been rendered more delightfully. Her *aria*, 'Chide, O chide, dear, kind Masetto,' was admirable in every respect, and throughout the rare qualities of her voice and her well nigh faultless execution were apparent. The audience was at her feet, and the meed of applause that she received was enthusiastic for this cold-blooded city."

The following notice has been sent to exhibitors of musical instruments:—Her Majesty's Commissioners reserve to themselves the right of giving recitals in public on the musical instruments selected for the Exhibition of 1872, if such recitals be deemed expedient in the interest of the public. Such recitals will, when convenient, take place in the Royal Albert Hall, and the names of manufacturers of instruments will be announced in the programmes, and exhibited upon the orchestra. Instruments which may not be used in the recitals given in the hall may be tried without removal from their Exhibition allotments, subject to the approval of her Majesty's Commissioners, and at the exhibitors' expense. Any additional trials which exhibitors may desire to have carried out will be matters of arrangement, both as to their nature and cost, between her Majesty's Commissioners and the exhibitors interested. The recitals will include performances upon instruments accompanied and unaccompanied by other instruments.

A meeting fully attended by upwards of seventy representatives of the leading manufacturers of musical instruments in the United Kingdom was held in the east theatre of the Royal Albert Hall, on Saturday last, at twelve, noon, to consider what Musical Pitch should be recommended to Her Majesty's Commissioners for adoption, with regard to the recitals which will be given, during the International Exhibition, upon those instruments accepted for exhibition. The following members of the Musical Committee attended:—The Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, the Hon. Seymour Egerton, Mr. Frank Morrison, Mr. Alan Cole; and there were also present Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. John Hullah, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Herr E. Pauer, Mr. W. Ganz, Mr. Pitman, Mr. J. Riviere, &c., and other gentlemen representing foreign commissions. Mr. John Hullah was voted to the chair. A discussion ensued in which

gentlemen representing the firms of Messrs. Broadwood, Henry Brinsmead, Distin & Co., Boosey & Co., Bevington, Kohler, and Forster took part. Mr. Macfarren then moved that Her Majesty's Commissioners should be recommended to adopt the Musical Pitch which the Society of Arts twelve years ago suggested for general use—viz: that of 528 vibrations to C. Sir Julius Benedict seconded this motion, and Herr Ernst Pauer suggested, that in the event of its being carried, a tuning fork of the pitch proposed should be circulated by Her Majesty's Commissioners, not only to English, but also to foreign manufacturers. The motion was then put to the meeting, and was carried with only one dissentient. Capt. the Hon. Seymour Egerton, and Lieut. E. G. Clayton, R. E., attended on behalf of Her Majesty's Commissioners.—(*Communicated.*)

It may not generally be remembered that in the years 1860, 1861, and 1862, Mr. Curwen organised competitions of tonic sol-fa choirs at the Crystal Palace, and Exeter Hall. The fact may be referred to in view of the approaching National Music Meetings. The first of the sol-fa competitions was held at the Crystal Palace, on September 4th, 1860, and the judges were Mr. John Goss, the late Mr. George Hogarth, Mr. Charles Lucas, Mr. Thomas Oliphant, and Mr. James Turl. Choirs from Edinburgh, Staffordshire, Finsbury, Brighton and Bradford competed, each one singing a sight-reading test in the common notation and another in tonic sol-fa, and three pieces of their own selection. In the following year a similar competition was held at the Palace when choirs from Brighton, North Staffordshire and Hull competed. In 1862, the proceedings were held in Exeter Hall, and two choirs from London, with others from Staffordshire and the West Riding of Yorkshire, entered the lists. The prizes in each case consisted of silken banners, lettered with gold. Great interest was excited by the competitions. The choirs, returning to their several localities, were received by crowds of enthusiastic friends. Processions were formed, bands played, flags waved.

The following extract is made from a rare book written in 1658, entitled *Institutions; or Advice to his Grandson*, by William Higford, Esq., part III., pp. 84–87:— "But now, from the rude noise of arms, I shall call you to the harmonious sounds of music, worthily placed among the liberal arts. All creatures have an inclination thereunto—the birds chanting in the woods; the laborious husbandman and artificer, in their several vocations, alleviate their toilsome labours by their rude accents, making melodies to themselves; and in all ages music hath been esteemed a quality becoming a noble personage. Themistocles, the Athenian (as Tully saith), 'Quia non poterat fidibus canere, habitus est indoctor.' Music is either vocal or instrumental. Vocal is best, because made by God himself, adding thereunto the liveliness of the musician, singing some excellent composed poem well fitted to the music; and in this kind these latter times have been most exquisite. But you will be most complete when you join the vocal and instrumental both together. Great is the power of music. In the kingdom of Naples, there is a small thing called the tarantula; any one bitten with it falleth into a phrenzy, and the proper cure for him is music, whereby he is recovered. Music did allay the evil spirit of Saul. Music prepared the prophet Elisha to receive his inspiration. Music advanced God's honour and service in the Temple, and the happiness in Heaven is described and set forth unto us by music and singing. Memorable is that which St. Austin relateth of his conversion (in the book of his Confession)—'Cum reminiscor lacrymas meas quas judi ad cantus ecclesie tue in primordiis recuperata fidei mea magnam institui hujus utilitatem agnosco.' They say in our English colonies—in Virginia and New England, and the Summer Islands—the pagans give wonderful attention to the singing of psalms, and thereby are so taken and delighted, that it is a special means of their conversion to the Christian faith. I have sent you a book of the psalms composed in four parts, an excellent composure, whereby you may be invited to proceed farther in this divine faculty. When you are oppressed with serious and weighty business, to take your viol and sing to it will be a singular ease and refreshment."

Lines for Music.

Mr. Tweed's in a very bad plight,
And his dodging and hiding may fail;
But as long as he keeps out of sight,
The old buffer will keep out of jail.
Till they make it all right with his bail.

NAPLES.—Signor Miele's new opera, *L'Ombra bianca*, has been produced with complete success at the Teatro Nuovo.
SALZBURG.—The first Mozartean Concert of the season went off with great éclat.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ASHDOWN & PARRY.—"Love dreams waltz," by Charles Godfrey. "M'intendi," canzone populaire, du E. Paladilhe. "Memory," ballad, by J. L. Hatton.
 LAMBORN COCK & CO., and CRAMER, WOOD & CO.—Six Songs, composed by Ogle Winter.
 DUFF & STEWART.—"Zelina," nocturne, pour piano, par Frederic Archer. "Sleep," duettino, for soprano and contralto, by Frederic Archer.
 HENRY STREAD & CO.—"Flou-Flou," mazurka de salon, par Alfred Noyer.
 PATTERSON & SON (Glasgow).—"Lisana's Song," by Wilford Powell.

Advertisements.

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"WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN"

The Words by ARTHUR CLYDE.

The Music by HENRIETTE.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Only when twilight creeps,
 My sad heart weeps and weeps,
 In anguish that ne'er sleeps—
 "What might have been!"

Living in his dear smile,
 Guarding his weal the while,
 A sweet life without guile—
 "This might have been!"

Save that relentless spite
 Breathed dark shades o'er truth's light,
 That I scorned to set right—
 "All might have been!"

Truth prevailed, ah! too late
 Writhing in chains of fate,
 He mourns disconsolate—
 "What might have been!"

Strive we by duties done,
 So our life's battle's won,
 Crushing, each morning sun—
 "Hopes that have been!"

Yet, must I in dream-light,
 Waiting for weary night,
 Wait and cry by grief's right—
 "What might have been!"

Just Published.

"THE PRISONER'S LAST SONG."

The Verses by CHEDWIK TICHBOURNE.

Made the night before he was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields for treason, A.D. 1586.

The Music by J. P. GOLDBERG.

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London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"FRESH, FRESH, AND SWEET."

Song,

Words and Music by BERNARD FAREBROTHER.

Price 3s.

Fresh, fresh and sweet
 Are the dewy roses fair,
 When, blushing, the young buds greet
 The kiss of the summer air;
 Scatter thy perfume, rose,
 Scatter it far and wide,
 For well do I love to linger
 And gaze on thy blooming pride.

Soft, soft and low
 Is thy voice O rippling stream,
 While a thousand wavelets glow
 And dance 'neath the sun's bright beam
 Sing me in gentle tones,
 As I wander thy banks along,
 A murmuring dreamy measure,
 A soothing and tender song.

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A SACRED ORATORIO,

By GEORGE TOLHURST.

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Music Folio, Cloth, Gilt Lettered, 196 Pages.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The work was extremely well received.—*Choir.*The airs are melodious and effective, and the choruses are pleasing.—*Derby Mercury.*Mr. Tolhurst has grappled with the greatest of all musical undertakings.—*London Paper.*From what we have seen of the work we rather like it. The music is good.—*Chatham Observer.*The production of *Ruth* on Monday night, was a great achievement.—*Maidstone Telegraph.*It abounds in fresh and melodious airs, and displays otherwise very considerable talent.—*Nonconformist.**Ruth* has been twice performed in Maidstone, the composer's native town, with signal success.—*Athenaeum.*Some of the choruses are peculiarly attractive, and all are composed with true musical feeling.—*Maidstone Paper.*That *Ruth* is the work of an earnest man no one can doubt, evidence being found on every page.—*Yorkshire Orchestra.*We cannot but congratulate Mr. Tolhurst on his success. * * The work was extremely well received.—*Musical Times.*Several of the airs for solo voices are very fine. Many of the choruses evince great originality. The enthusiasm during the entire performance was very great.—*London Paper.*The usual custom of restraining applause at a sacred performance was broken through on this occasion, almost every number being welcomed with hearty demonstrations of approval.—*Musical World.*The composer's musical conceptions in this work are bold, vigorous, and original; there is an endless variation of the most delightful melody, which charms and rivets the attention of all who hear it.—*Sussex Gazette.**Ruth* is full from first to last of original, striking, and graceful melody. That is precisely the character which makes it totally unlike anything of its kind which has been offered to the notice of the public for some time past.—*Correspondent of the Musical Standard.*In the opinion of competent judges the work evinces great originality of treatment, particularly in the choruses, while many of the airs are singularly beautiful, and the overture is a most vigorous composition. We congratulate Mr. Tolhurst on the result.—*South Eastern Gazette.*The overture is a very effective prelude. Of the Oratorio generally, we cannot do otherwise than speak most favourably. It is written evidently with great earnestness, and is throughout well constructed and melodious. The composer was received with most enthusiastic applause.—*Maidstone Journal.**Ruth* is a regular Oratorio. When the words themselves indicate their treatment, the composer is often eminently successful; as, for example, the beautiful well-known phrase, "Entreat the not to leave thee." This is the best *morceau* in the work, being melodious and expressive.—*Illustrated London News.*The work presents abundant evidence of thought, of laborious application, and of a seeking after new and striking effects. The overture is vigorously written. "It hath fully been shown me" is a *morceau* of surprising merit. This melody is continuous, flowing and eminently satisfactory. There is an unquestionable independence about Mr. Tolhurst's music, and he boldly strikes out a path for himself.—*Era.*The performance of that class of musical composition known as the Oratorio flourishes more in England than in any other country in the world, although the supply of original works has hitherto come almost invariably from foreign sources. The exceptions have been so insignificant as only to prove the rule. Bach, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, were all Germans. Such a reception as that accorded to *Ruth* has never before attended any English Oratorio by any English composer.There was a good attendance, and it is scarcely possible that any musical work of such a character could have been received with a more appreciative enthusiasm without seriously checking that calm continuity so essential to the onward progress and uninterrupted enjoyment of a great sacred work. Although *Ruth* takes three hours in performance, no impatience was manifested; the latter numbers, especially a trio, "At meal-time come," and a quartet, "Blessed be he of the Lord" being listened to with all that wrapt attention so honouring alike to both composer and executants.—*Musical Standard.*

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THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

"Intelligence, or, as it has been called, intellectuality, is an essential element of all Art, practical as well as creative, and of none more so than of Music. Its development should be zealously encouraged in this branch of education, which, however, can be, and often is, conducted without calling into action any of the higher attributes of the mind. The Rudiments of Music are generally learnt by rote; proficiency in singing or playing acquired by that which is equivalent to automatic action of the voice or fingers. This should not be. Students should be taught that all musical sound, whether vocal or instrumental, is intended to convey some definite meaning; they should be made to reflect upon every phrase they have to sing or play, and thoroughly to understand that intelligence is the very essence of our Art. Music can thus become an important means of mental training. It is in this respect that the system of instruction now published for the first time in a complete form will, I hope, be useful. The plan I have set forth seems to necessitate concentration of thought upon the subject of study; it affords assistance to the memory, and tends to cultivate habits of precision, observation, and comparison. These are advantages which speak for themselves. Experience has proved that by writing exercises, pupils make steadier and more rapid progress than by the most frequent oral repetition of rules or notes. The hand and pen assist the eye and ear, and the result is more satisfactory than when the voice or fingers are guided by the eye or ear alone. I do not, for a moment, assume that this method will dispense with the necessity of vocal or instrumental practice; but as such practice becomes less troublesome and laborious if pursued with intelligence, it is evidently desirable, in teaching Music, to stimulate the faculty of thought. And that is the object I have had in view while writing the present elementary work.—WALTER MAYNARD."

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